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County Hall

THE
PERCY ANECDOTES.

ORIGINAL AND SELECT.



SHOLTO AND REUBEN PERCY

BROTHERS OF THE BENEDICTINE MONASTERY

MONT BENGHER



[Gesammelt von Thomas

LONDON,

Boyerly]

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TO
THE MOST NOBLE
THE MARQUESS OF ANGLESEA, K. G.
ETC. ETC. ETC.

THESE
Anecdotes of Heroism

ARE
RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

BY HIS
MOST DEVOTED AND
MOST OBEDIENT

HUMBLE SERVANTS,

*Tholto Percy
Reuben Percy.*

THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF LONDON
FROM THE FOUNDATION
TO THE PRESENT TIME

BY
JOHN STOW
CITY CLERK

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED
TO
HIS MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY

James
Stow

THE
Percy Anecdotes.
— [III.] —
ANECDOTES OF HEROISM.

“ On valour’s side the odds of combat lie,
The brave live glorious, or lamented die,
The wretch, who trembles in the field of fame,
Meets death, or worse than death, eternal shame.”

POPE.

HEROES OF THERMOPYLÆ.

It having been resolved at a general council of the government of Sparta, to defend the Straits of Thermopylæ against the Persians, seven thousand foot were put under the command of Leonidas, of whom, however, only three hundred were Spartans. Leonidas did not think it practicable to defend the pass against such multitudes as the Persian king commanded ; and therefore privately told his friends, that his design was to devote himself to death for his country.

Xerxes advancing near the straits, was greatly surprised to find that the Greeks were resolved to dispute his passage. Still entertaining hopes that they would betake themselves to flight, he waited four days without undertaking any thing, on purpose to

give them an opportunity. He at length sent a herald to Leonidas, to command him to deliver up his arms. Leonidas, in a style, and with a spirit truly laconical, answered, "Come thyself and take them." Xerxes at this reply, transported with rage, commanded the Medes and Cissians to march against them ; take all alive, and bring them to him in fetters. The Medes not able to stand the shock of the Greeks, soon betook themselves to flight. Hidarnes was then ordered to advance with a body of ten thousand chosen men, called, by way of supreme distinction, the *Immortals* ; but when these came to a close with the Greeks, they succeeded no better than the Medes and Cissians, being obliged to retire with great slaughter.

The next day the Persians reflecting on the small number of their enemies, and supposing that so many of them must have been wounded, that they could not possibly maintain a second fight, advanced with great confidence to another assault. The Greeks, however, exerted themselves in a manner so extraordinary, that instead of giving way, they put the Persians, for a third time, to the rout. Xerxes is said to have three times leaped from his throne, so great was his apprehension of the entire destruction of his army.

Xerxes having lost all hopes of forcing his way through troops that were determined to conquer or die, was extremely perplexed as to the measures he should take ; when one Epialtes, in expectation of a great reward, came to him, and discovered a secret passage to the top of the hill, which overlooked and commanded the Spartan forces. The king imme-

diately despatched Hidernes thither, with his select body of ten thousand Persians, who marching all night, arrived by a circuitous route at the mountain by the break of day, and possessed themselves, without difficulty, of that advantageous post.

Leonidas being now satisfied of the impossibility of bearing up against the enemy, desired his allies to retire, while he remained himself with his three hundred Lacedemonians, all nobly resolved to brave the extremity of fate. The Oracle had foretold, that either Sparta should be destroyed, or the king lose his life ; and Leonidas did not hesitate a moment to make the sacrifice, which was to secure the safety of his country. The Thespians, with their leader Demophilus, were the only body of the allies who could not be prevailed upon to abandon Leonidas and the Spartans. The augur Megistias, who had foretold the fate of this enterprise, being pressed by Leonidas to retire, sent home his only son ; but remained himself by the side of Leonidas. Those who stayed, did not feed themselves with any hopes of conquering or escaping, but looked upon Thermopylæ as their graves ; and when Leonidas, exhorting them to take some nourishment, said that they should all sup together with Pluto, they set up, with one accord, a shout of joy, as if they had been invited to a banquet.

Xerxes at the rising of the sun began to move forward with the whole body of his army. On their approach Leonidas advanced to the broadest part of the passage, and fell upon the enemy with such undaunted courage and resolution, that the Persian officers were obliged to stand behind the divisions which

they commanded, in order to prevent their flight. In this onset the gallant Leonidas fell. The two brothers of Xerxes rushed forward to seize his body, anxious to carry it off in triumph to Xerxes. But the Lacedemonians covered the fallen hero with invincible resolution; four times they repulsed their assailants; and both the brothers of Xerxes, and many other brave commanders of distinction, were slain.

The force that was led on by the treacherous Epialtes, was at length espied descending from the mountain to attack the Spartans in the rear. The heroic band now retired to the narrowest part of the passage, and drawing all close together, posted themselves on a rising ground. The Persians poured in upon them on all sides, and a dreadful conflict ensued; till at length, not vanquished, but overwhelmed by numbers, every man of the Greeks was slain except one, who escaped to Sparta, where he was treated as a traitor and coward to his country!

Some time after a magnificent monument was erected at Thermopylæ, in honour of those brave defenders of Greece. It had two inscriptions. The one which was general, relating to all who died on this occasion, imported that the Greeks of Peloponnesus, to the number of only four thousand men, had there made head against three millions of Persians! The other inscription related particularly to the three hundred Spartans, and was composed by the poet Simonides. It was to this effect. "Go, passenger, and acquaint the Spartans, that we died here in obedience to their just commands."

PHILIP OF MACEDON.

No warrior was ever bolder or more intrepid in the field than Philip of Macedon. Demosthenes, who cannot be suspected of having flattered him, gives a glorious testimony on this head. "I saw," says this orator, "this very Philip, with whom we disputed for sovereignty and empire. I saw him, though covered with wounds, his eye struck out, his collar-bone broke, maimed both in his hands and feet, still resolutely rush into the midst of dangers, and ready to deliver up to fortune any part of his body she might desire, provided he might live honourably and gloriously with the rest."

THE BATTLE OF MARATHON.

While the Persians, after the reign of Cyrus, became enervated by luxury and servitude, the Athenians were nobly animated by the freedom they had so recently recovered. It was this that enabled Miltiades in the plains of Marathon, with only ten thousand Athenians, to overcome the Persian army of a hundred thousand foot, and ten thousand cavalry. This memorable battle, which was fought in the year 490 before Christ, reflected the highest glory on Miltiades. To prevent his little army from being surrounded by the enemy, he drew it up in front of a mountain, extended his line as much as possible, placed his chief strength in his wings, and caused a great number of trees to be cut down, to prevent the enemy's cavalry from charging them in flank.

The Athenians rushed forward on the Persians like so many furious lions. This is remarked to have been the first time that they advanced to the attack running; but by their impetuosity, they opened a lane through the enemy, and supported with the greatest firmness the attacks of the Persians. The battle was at first fought by both parties with great valour and obstinacy, but the wings of the Athenian army attacking the main body of the enemy in flank, threw them into irretrievable confusion. Six thousand Persians perished on the spot, and amongst the rest, the traitor Hippias, the principal cause of the war. The rest of the Persian army fled quickly, and abandoned to the victors their camp full of riches.

Animated by their success, they pursued the Persians to their very ships, of which they took seven, and set fire to several more. On this occasion, one Cynegirus, an Athenian, after performing prodigies of valour in the field, endeavoured to prevent a particular galley from putting to sea, and for that purpose held it fast with his right hand; when his right hand was cut off, he then seized the galley with his left, which being also cut off, he took hold of it with his teeth, and kept it so until he died. Another soldier, all covered with the blood of the enemy, ran to announce the victory at Athens; and after crying out, "Rejoice, we are conquerors!" fell dead in the presence of his fellow citizens. The Greeks in this engagement lost only two hundred men.

THE FABII.

When Cæso Fabius and T. Virginus were consuls, Rome had several wars to sustain, less dangerous than troublesome, against the Æqui, Volsci, and Veientes. To put a stop to the incursions of the last, it would have been necessary to establish a good garrison upon their frontiers; but the commonwealth was too much exhausted of money to be in a condition to provide for so many different cares and expences. It was then that the family of the Fabii showed a generosity and love of their country, that has been the admiration of all ages. They applied to the senate, and demanded as a favour, that they would be pleased to transfer the care and expences of the garrison necessary to oppose the Veientes, to their house, which required an assiduous rather than a numerous body; promising to support with dignity the honour of the Roman name, in that post. Every one was charmed with so noble an offer, and it was accepted with grateful acknowledgment. The news spread over the whole city, and nothing was talked of but the Fabii. Every one honoured---every one admired their conduct. "If," said they, "there were two more such families in Rome, the one might take upon them the war against the Volsci, and the other against the Æqui, while the commonwealth remained quiet, and the forces of particulars subdued the neighbouring states."

Early the next day the Fabii set out, with the consul at their head in his robes. Never was there so small, and, at the same time, so illustrious an army

seen. Three hundred and six soldiers, all patricians, and of the same family, of whom there was not one unworthy of commanding an army, marching against the Veii, full of courage and alacrity, under a captain of their own name, Fabius. They were followed by a body of their friends, animated by the same spirit and zeal, and actuated only by great and noble views. The whole city flocked to see so fine a sight, and praised those generous soldiers in the highest terms. As they passed before the capitol and other temples, the assembled multitude implored the gods to take them under their protection, to favour their undertaking, and to afford them a speedy and happy return.

When the gallant band arrived near the river Cremera, which is not far from the Veii, they erected a fort, which incommoded the enemy extremely. The Veientes not finding themselves strong enough to ruin the fort, obtained considerable aid from the Heturians. In the meantime the Fabii, encouraged by their successful incursions into the enemy's country, made farther progress every day. Their excessive boldness made the Heturians conceive thoughts of laying an ambuscade for them in several places. During the night they seized all the eminences that commanded the plain, and found means to conceal a good number of troops upon them. The next day they dispersed more cattle about the country than they had done before. The Fabii being apprized that the plains were covered with flocks and herds, and defended only by a small number of troops, quitted their fort, leaving only a sufficient number to guard it. They arrived at the place in order of battle,

and were preparing to attack the advanced guards of the enemy, when the latter, who had their orders so to do, fled, without staying till they were charged. The Fabii believing themselves secure, seized the shepherds, and were preparing to drive away the cattle. The Hetrurians then quitted their skulking places, and fell upon the Romans on all sides, most of whom were dispersed in pursuit of their prey. All they could do was to rally immediately ; and this they could not effect without great difficulty. They soon found themselves assailed on every side ; and although they fought like lions, yet, as they could not sustain this kind of combat long, they drew up in the form of a wedge, and advancing with the utmost fury and impetuosity, opened themselves a passage through the enemy that led to the side of the mountain. Here they halted and fought with fresh courage ; the enemy allowing them no time to respire. Although their number was so small, they defended themselves with advantage, and beating down the enemy, who did not relax in the attack, they made a great slaughter of them. But a body of the Veientes having gained the top of the mountain by a circuitous route, fell suddenly upon them, and galled them exceedingly with a continual shower of darts. The Fabii defended themselves to their last breath, and were all killed to a man.

The Roman people were greatly affected with the loss of this illustrious band of heroes. The day of their defeat was ranked among their unfortunate days called *nefasti*, on which the tribunals were shut up, and no public affair could be negociated, or at least concluded. The memory of these public spirited

patricians, who had so generously sacrificed their lives and fortunes for the service of the state, could not be too much honoured.

THE DECII.

Decius, the consul, had with his colleague, Manlius, the command of the Roman forces. In a battle with the Latins, in which the two armies had been engaged for some time with equal forces, valour, and success, the left wing, commanded by Decius, gave way, and was thrown into confusion. The enemy improved the advantage, and victory to all appearance decided in favour of the Latins. In this disorder the consul called out to the pontiff Valerius, "We have occasion here for the assistance of the gods. Lend me the aid of your office, and repeat the words I am to pronounce in devoting myself for the army." The pontiff ordered him to put on the robe called *prætecta*; and with his head covered with a veil, one hand raised under his robe as high as his chin, and a javelin under his feet, he caused him to pronounce a few sentences, in which he implored the gods to bestow courage and victory on the Romans; and solemnly devoted himself to die for the service of the state. Having pronounced the words dictated by the pontiff, he ordered his lictors to repair to Manlius, and inform him, without loss of time, that he had devoted himself to the army. Then wrapping his cloak about him, after the Gabian manner, he threw himself impetuously into the midst of the enemy. Terror and consternation seemed to lead the way before him. Wherever he turned, the enemy, as

if thunderstruck, were seized with horror and dread. But when he fell under a shower of darts, the confusion and disorder of the Latins redoubled. The Romans at that instant, filled with the confidence of having engaged the gods on their side, renewed the fight with amazing intrepidity and vigour. The fortune of the day was no longer doubtful; the Romans carried every thing before them, made a horrible slaughter of the enemy, took their camp, and obtained a complete victory.

The courage of devoting themselves for the preservation of their country, became a kind of domestic and hereditary virtue in the family of the Decii. The father gives us an example in the war with the Latins. His son did the same in that with the Hetrurians; and his grandson, according to Cicero, maintained the glory of the family in the war with Pyrrhus.

Q. SCÆVOLA.

When Sylla had made himself master of Rome, and expelled his enemies, he summoned the senate to meet, and coming with an armed force, demanded that C. Marius should immediately be declared an enemy to the people of Rome; and yet there was none found in that grave assembly with courage enough to oppose his motion, but by their silence gave consent. At length, Q. Scævola, the augur, being pressed to declare his mind, and terribly threatened by Sylla if he shewed any reluctance, he spoke as follows: "Though, Sylla, thou thinkest to terrify me with thy armed troops that have encircled

the Senate House, and have threatened me with death itself; yet I scorn to save a little superannuated blood by pronouncing Marius an enemy to this state, by whose valour and prudent conduct not only the city of Rome, but all Italy has been preserved,

CÆSAR.

When Cæsar was advised by his friends to be more cautious of the security of his person, and not to walk among the people without arms or any one to defend him, he always replied to these admonitions, "He that lives in fear of death, every moment feels its tortures; I will die but once."

SUBRIUS FLAVIUS.

The Roman tribune, Subrius Flavius, being impeached for having conspired against the life of the Emperor Nero, not only owned the charge, but gloried in it. Upon the emperor's asking him what provocation he had given him to plot his death? "Because I abhorred thee," said Flavius; "though there was not in the whole army one more zealously attached to thee than I, so long as thou didst merit affection; but I began to hate thee when thou becamest the murderer of thy mother, the murderer of thy brother and wife, a charioteer, a comedian, an incendiary, and a tyrant." Tacitus says, that the whole conspiracy afforded nothing which proved so bitter and pungent to Nero as this reproach. He ordered Flavius to be immediately put to death; which he suffered with amazing intrepidity. When

the executioner desired him to stretch out his neck valiantly, he replied, "I wish thou mayst strike as valiantly."

PATRIOT MOTHERS.

A Chinese emperor pursued by the victorious forces of a prince of inferior rank, who had taken up arms in the cause of liberty, in order to extricate himself, had recourse to the principle of filial duty and reverence carried in China to a superstitious excess. An officer with a drawn sabre in his hand was despatched to the mother of the victor, with a command from the emperor (in whose power she was) on pain of death to order her son to disband his troops. Disdainfully smiling at the message, the intrepid matron replied, "Doth thy master believe that I am ignorant of the tacit, but sacred, convention between the people and their sovereigns, by which the master is bound to render happy the servant who obeys? It is the emperor who has first violated this treaty; and thou, vile tool of a tyrant, learn in such a case, from a *woman*, what is due to thy country. Then snatching from his hand the weapon, she plunged it in her breast. "Slave!" said she, as the blood flowed from the wound, "if thou hast still any virtue, carry this poignard to my son. Tell him to revenge the nation, and punish the usurper. He has now no caution to observe on the account of his mother. He is at liberty to be virtuous."

When Abdallah, forsaken by his friends and besieged in a castle, was urged by the Syrians to an honourable capitulation, he consulted his mother,

who thus replied to him. "My son, when thou tookest up arms against the house of Omniah, didst thou believe thyself espousing the cause of justice?" "I did," replied the son. "Where then is the cause for deliberation? Dost thou not know, that cowards only are swayed by fear? Wilt thou be the scorn of the Omnites? and shall it be said, that when thou wast to determine between life and duty, thou didst prefer the former?"

A Lacedemonian mother had five sons in a battle that was fought near Sparta, and seeing one that had left the scene of action, eagerly enquired of him how affairs went on? "All your five sons are slain," said he. "Unhappy wretch!" replied the woman, "I ask thee not of what concerns my children, but of what concerns my country." "As to that, all is well," said the soldier. "Then," said she, "let them mourn that are miserable; my country is prosperous, and I am happy."

SEWARD, EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

Seward the Brave, Earl of Northumberland, on learning that his son had been slain, whom he had sent into the army against the Scots, demanded whether his wounds were in the fore or back part of his body; and being informed in the fore part, replied, "I am rejoiced to hear it, and wish no other kind of death to befall me or mine."

When the same Seward felt in his sickness that death was fast approaching, he quitted his bed, and put on his armour, saying, "that it became not a man to die like a beast;" on which he died standing, an act as heroic as it was singular.

KING STEPHEN.

In the battle of Lincoln, fought between the armies of King Stephen and the Empress Maud, the most determined bravery was displayed. The troops of Maud threw away their lances, and fell sword in hand among Stephen's cavaliers ; who not being able to stand the first onset, fled in the utmost disorder. The king being thus left destitute to the right and left, was surrounded by the enemy ; and though he behaved himself with the utmost skill and bravery against great odds, he was obliged to yield to the superiority of strength and numbers. He fought with extraordinary address till his battle-axe was broke to pieces ; then drawing his sword, he defended himself singly against a large party that surrounded him. In this unequal conflict he shivered his sword ; but still continued to fight with his truncheon, till he received a blow with a stone which brought him to the ground ; yet starting up, he continued to fight on his knees with incredible obstinacy, when William de Kames, a knight, seized his crest, and presenting the point of his sword, threatened to kill him on the spot if he did not instantly surrender. He however refused to give himself up to any but the Earl of Gloucester (the brother of the empress), who being near the spot, came up and took him prisoner, together with four noblemen who endeavoured to rescue him.

DEATH OF RICHARD CŒUR DE LION.

Richard Cœur de Lion having invested the castle of Chalus, was shot in the shoulder with an arrow ;

an unskilful surgeon endeavouring to extract the weapon, mangled the wound in such a manner, that a gangrene ensued. The castle being taken, and the king perceiving he should not live, ordered Bertram de Gourdon, who had shot the arrow, to be brought into his presence. 'What harm did I ever do thee?' said the king, "that thou shouldst kill me?" Bertram replied with great magnanimity and courage, "You killed with your own hand my father and two of my brothers, and you likewise designed to have killed me. You may satiate your revenge. I should cheerfully suffer all the torments that can be inflicted, were I sure of having delivered the world of a tyrant who filled it with blood and carnage." This bold and spirited answer struck Richard with remorse. He ordered the prisoner to be presented with one hundred shillings, and set at liberty; but Maccardec, one of the king's friends, like a true ruffian, ordered him to be flayed alive.

EUSTACHE DE RIBAUMONT.

When Edward III. took Calais from the French, he entrusted the government of it to Aimeri di Pavia, an Italian, by whom he had been educated. This man had agreed for a secret sum to restore it, and Geoffry de Charny, the governor of St. Omer, was on a day fixed to bring the money and enter the town. On the day appointed he came, with some chosen troops, placed them near Calais, and sent in the money to the governor. A delay took place, under pretence that the money was wrong; and Edward the Third, to whom Aimeri had discovered

the whole transaction, rushed out on horseback, disguised, with some horsemen, to attack the French troops. Among them was a knight celebrated for his bravery, of the name of Eustache de Ribaultmont. The king, desirous to try his strength with him, cried out, "*A moi Ribaultmont.*" The valiant knight immediately flew at him with great violence, and unhorsed him; Edward remounting, attacked him with equal bravery, but could make no impression on him. At last, Ribaultmont finding himself alone, his friends and companions having fled, surrendered himself to Edward, without knowing that he had the honour of being made a prisoner by a sovereign. Edward conducted him to the castle of Calais, when he thus addressed him. "Ribaultmont Eustache, of all the knights in the world that I have seen, you best know how to attack your enemy, and to defend yourself. I never in my life was engaged in any combat, in which I had more to do to defend myself than I have had with you. I give you very readily the glory of it, and that of being above all the knights of my court." At the same time, the generous prince released him, and presented him with a circle of pearls, which he wore upon his own head, and put it upon that of the knight, bidding him wear it as a mark of his courage.

BLIND KING OF BOHEMIA.

When John de Luxemburg, the blind King of Bohemia, was told that the French were in terrible disorder at the battle of Cressy; that his son Charles had been obliged to retire dangerously wounded; that

the English had made a dreadful carnage ; and that the Black Prince bore down every thing before him by his irresistible valour, he commanded his knights to lead him into the hottest part of the battle against the young warrior. Accordingly four of his attendants having placed him in the middle, and interlaced the bridles of their horses, rushed with him into the thickest of the enemy's ranks, and the blind king interchanged a few strokes with the prince ; they were however soon parted, and the Bohemian monarch and his followers fell in the battle.

THE BLACK PRINCE.

When Edward the Black Prince took the city of Limoges by storm, he gave up the inhabitants to slaughter, until proceeding farther into the town, he perceived three French gentlemen, who with incredible courage were alone sustaining the shock of his victorious army. His consideration and respect of such distinguished valour immediately blunted the edge of his resentment, and he began by granting the lives of these three persons, to spare the lives of all that were in the town.

The three heroes, whose names were Jehan de Villemur, Hugues de la Roche, and Roger de Beaufort, when they saw the misery and destruction that was pressing upon themselves and their people, resolved to sell their lives dearly, as true chevaliers ought to do. When the prince in his car came to the spot where they were, he observed with great pleasure their extraordinary acts of valour. The three warriors, after having fought thus valiantly, fixing their eyes

upon their swords, said with one voice to the prince, and the Duke of Lancaster, "My lords, we are yours; you have conquered us, dispose of us according to the law." "By heaven," replied the Duke of Lancaster, "we have no other intention, and therefore make you prisoners."

THE FIRST OF THE COUPLANDS.

At the battle of Nevil's Cross, when the Scottish army was defeated at every point, King David disdained to flee or surrender; and his nobles forming a circle for his protection, prolonged the fight, till two wounds which he received brought him to the ground. Coupland, a Northumbrian gentleman, instantly sprang from his charger, to seize on the royal prey. A violent struggle ensued: Coupland lost two of his teeth; but he secured the king, and with the assistance of eight friends, carried him safely through the crowd, and rode with him to his castle of Ogle. David was conducted in great state to London. Coupland was knighted, and rewarded with the grant of an ample estate of land.

MARGARET OF NORWAY.

In the great church at Roskild, there is shown a large whetstone, which they say was sent to the celebrated Queen Margaret, by Albert King of Sweden, in derision, intimating that women should sharpen their needles, instead of aiming at war. The wit, which is very poor, was better answered by the queen, who replied that she would apply it to the edges of

her soldiers' swords. She was as good as her word : she fought Albert in a pitched battle ; gave him an entire overthrow ; and made him prisoner. In that situation she kept him seven years, and then only released him on very hard conditions.

GONSALVO OF CORDOVA.

In an engagement which the Spaniards fought under Gonsalvo of Cordova, their powder magazine was blown up by the first discharge of the enemy ; but so far was this from discouraging the general, that he immediately cried out to his soldiers, " My brave boys, the victory is ours ! Heaven tells us by this signal, that we shall have no further occasion for our artillery." This confidence of the general passed to the soldiers ; they rushed to the contest, and gained a complete victory.

The same general commanded the Spanish army in the kingdom of Naples in the year 1502. The troops ill paid, and wanting necessaries, took up arms, and presented themselves before Gonsalvo in order of battle to demand their pay. One of the boldest of them urged the matter so far, as to level at him the point of his halbert. The general, not in the least dismayed, or even seeming to be surprised, laid hold of the soldier's arm, and affecting a gay and smiling air, as if it had been only in play, said, " Take care, comrade, that in playing with that weapon you do not wound me." His presence of mind, and cool and undaunted manner, saved him ; but in the night he had the seditious soldier put to death, and suspended from a window, where the

whole army saw him exposed the next day. This example of severity confirmed the general's authority, which sedition had so nearly overturned.

Gonsalvo took Naples by storm in the year 1503 ; and when some of his soldiers expressed their disapprobation at not having had a sufficient share in the spoil of that rich city, Gonsalvo nobly replied, " I will repair your bad fortune ; go to my apartments, take there all you can find ; I give it all into your hands."

CATHARINA THE HEROIC.

In an ancient chronicle of the sixteenth century, entitled, "*Res in Ecclesia et Politica Christiana gesta, ab anno, 1500, ad ann. 1600, auctore, J. Soffing, Theolog. Doct.*" we find the following remarkable story.

As the Emperor Charles the Fifth, on his return, in the year 1547, from the battle of Muhlberg, to his camp in Swabia, passed through Thuringia, Catharina, Countess Dowager of Schwartzburg, born Princess of Henneberg, obtained of him a letter of safeguard, that her subjects might have nothing to suffer from the Spanish army on its march through her territories : in return for which she bound herself to allow the Spanish troops that were transported to Rudolstadt, on the Saalbrucke, to supply themselves with bread, beer, and other provisions, at a reasonable price in that place. At the same time, she took the precaution to have the bridge, which stood close to the town, demolished in all haste, and reconstructed over the river at a considerable distance, that the too great proximity of

the city might be no temptation to her rapacious guests. The inhabitants, too, of all the places through which the army was to pass, were informed that they might send the chief of their valuables to the castle of Rudolstadt.

In the mean time, the Spanish general, attended by Prince Henry of Brunswick and his sons, approached the city, and invited themselves, by a messenger whom they despatched before, to take their morning's repast with the Countess of Schwartzburg. So modest a request made at the head of an army was not to be rejected : the answer returned was, that they should be kindly supplied with what the house afforded ; that his excellency might come and be assured of a welcome reception. However, she did not neglect, at the same time, to remind the Spanish general of the safeguard, and to urge home to him the conscientious observance of it.

A friendly reception and a well furnished table welcomed the arrival of the duke at the castle. He was obliged to confess that the Thuringian ladies had an excellent notion of cookery, and did honour to the laws of hospitality. But scarcely had they taken their seats, when a messenger, out of breath, called the countess from the hall : his tidings informed her, that the Spanish soldiers had used violence in some villages on the way, and had driven off the cattle belonging to the peasants. Catharina was a true mother to her people ; whatever the poorest of her subjects unjustly suffered, wounded her to the very quick. Full of indignation at this breach of faith, yet not forsaken by her presence of mind, she ordered her whole retinue to arm themselves immediately in private, and to bolt

and bar all the gates of the castle ; which done, she returned to the hall, and rejoined the princes who were still at table. Here she complained to them in the most moving terms of the usage she had met with, and how badly the imperial word was kept. They told her, laughing, that this was the custom in war, and that such trifling disorders of soldiers in marching through a place were not to be minded. "That we shall presently see," replied she stoutly ; "my poor subjects must have their own again, or (raising her voice in a threatening tone) prince's blood for oxen's blood." With this emphatical declaration she gave a signal, on which the room was in a few moments filled with armed men, who sword in hand, yet with great reverence, planting themselves behind the chairs of the princes, took place of the waiters. On the entrance of so many fierce looking fellows, Duke Alva changed colour, and they all gazed at one another in silent terror. Cut off from the army, surrounded by a resolute body of men, what could they do? The duke instantly despatched an order to the army, to restore the cattle without delay to the persons from whom they had been stolen. On the return of the courier, with a certificate that all damages had been made good, the Countess of Schwartzburgh politely thanked her guests for the honour they had done her castle, and they, in return, very joyfully took their leave.

It was in honour of this action that she received the surname of "the Heroic."

CATHERINE DE MEDICIS.

With all her faults, we cannot help admiring the courage of Catherine de Medicis. When at the siege of Rouen in 1562, she exposed herself like a common soldier to the cannonading of the town, and was reproved by the Duke de Guise, and the Cardinal of Lorraine, for thus risking the sacred person of a queen; she nobly replied, "Why should I spare my person more than you do? Is it because I have less interest in what is doing, or less courage than you? It is true that I am not so strong as you are, but I am, I trust, as bold."

MILITARY BON MOTS.

A Lacedemonian was once rallied with having painted a fly on his shield, as if he wished to avoid being known, by adopting so small a mark of distinction. "You are deceived," said the brave Lacedemonian, "I shall go so near my enemies, that they will easily recognize me."

Louis VI. of France in one of his engagements was in considerable danger; a soldier of the enemy took hold of the bridle of his horse, crying out "the king is taken." "No, sir," replied Louis, raising his battle axe, with which he hewed down the soldier, "no, sir, a king is never taken, not even at chess."

At the siege of Ostend a soldier was holding up a loaf of bread in a boasting manner, when a shot took off the uppermost half, leaving the other in his hand; on which he coolly said, "the shot had divided fairly, and left him the better half."

An English officer in a sally from Ostend, had one of his arms shot off with a cannon ball, which taking up with him, he carried into the town to the surgeon, to whom he said, "Behold the arm, which but at dinner did help its fellow."

General Medows, equally renowned for his wit and bravery, being on a reconnoitring party in the Mysore country, a twenty-four pound shot struck the ground at some distance from the general, and was passing in such a direction as would have exposed him to danger had he continued his road. Quick as lightning he stopped his horse, and pulling off his hat very gracefully, as the shot rolled on, good humouredly said, "I beg you to proceed sir, I never dispute precedence with any gentleman of your family."

When the Regent, Duke of Bedford, approached within a league of Verneuil, before which the French were encamped, he sent a herald to offer them battle, and at the same time bid him tell Douglas, who had a principal command in the French army, that he was "come to take a bit with him." Douglas smartly replied, that "he should find the cloth laid."

An American soldier during the siege of Quebec, being posted as centinel in a place of some danger, requested his officer to change his situation. Being asked the reason, he replied, "He knew not how it was, but he did not *feel himself bold enough* to stay there."

CAPITULATION EXTRAORDINARY.

The catholics commanded by the Duke of Anjou, besieged Rochelle in the year 1573. There was

near the counterscarp a mill, of which a Captain Normand had obtained possession on condition of protecting it. He at first thought of fortifying it, but seeing that he would not be able to put it in a state of defence, he contented himself with holding it during the day with a small party of soldiers, which he withdrew at night, leaving only one centinel. Strozzi, one of the catholic generals, thinking he might derive some advantage from this mill, attacked it one moonlight night with a detachment, and two culverins. A soldier of the Isle of Rhé, of the name of Barbot, the only defender of this bad station, held it resolutely. He fired with an incredible celerity a number of shots from an arquebuss on the assailants, and by varying the inflections of his voice, he made them believe that he had several comrades. Captain Normand from a battlement encouraged him, and speaking to him as if there had been a whole company in the mill, cried out, "that they had nobly maintained their position," but that he would send a reinforcement soon. Barbot, however, seeing himself on the point of being forced, demanded quarter for himself and for others in the mill, which was granted. He immediately laid down his arms, and exhibited the whole garrison in his own person.

SIR RICHARD GRENVILLE.

Sir Richard Grenville, an English admiral in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, in cruising off the Azores against the Spaniards, was separated from his squadron by distress of weather, and fell in with the whole fleet of the enemy, consisting of no less than fifty-three

ships. The gallant admiral neither scrupled at the weight of their metal, or feared the superiority of numbers, but with undaunted courage, and only his own single ship, began the attack, sunk nine of the enemy, and disabled many more. At length having consumed all his powder and ammunition, lost his masts, and without hope of relief or assistance, most of his men being killed or wounded, he was requested by the surviving part of the officers and crew to surrender. The brave admiral rejected the proposal with a most generous disdain, and declared he would rather die a thousand deaths than bring the least dishonour to his queen, his country, or himself. Spent and exhausted with fatigue and wounds, he breathed his last in the following words: "I resign my life with the utmost pleasure and satisfaction. I have acted the part of a good subject and a gallant commander. I have finished my course, a course devoted to religion and honour, to my queen and country, My soul quits this earthly tabernacle with joy triumphant, and I make no doubt that posterity will reverence and perpetuate my memory, as they will pay a due regard to a brave soldier and an honest man." Thus terminated the life of the renowned Sir Richard Grenville.

CRILLON.

When the brave Crillon was desired by his sovereign, Henry the Third of France, to assist in the assassination of the Duke of Guise, he refused in a firm but gentle manner, adding, "I will attack him, sire, fairly in single combat with all my heart. I will run in upon him; he will of course kill me, and I shall kill him.

A man that is careless of his own life, you know has always that of his enemy in his power."

Crillon was not present at the battle of Arques, where Henry the Fourth gained a complete victory. But the monarch wrote to him this laconic epistle: "Hang yourself immediately, brave Crillon! We have had an engagement at Arques, and you were not there. Adieu! *Je vous aime à tort et à travers.*"

The last Duke of Guise, when he was very young, endeavoured to alarm the courage of Crillon, by once pretending that the town in which he was asleep was besieged by the enemy. Crillon awaked from his sleep by the noise, rushed out with his usual intrepidity, and finding it to be a trick, said to the duke, "Young man, I would advise you never again to think of sounding the courage of a man of honour. By death itself, if you had found me fail, I should have struck my dagger into your heart."

COUNTESS DE ST. BELMONT.

When M. de Saint Belmont, who defended a feeble fortress against the arms of Louis XIV., was taken prisoner, his intrepid wife, Madame la Comtesse de Saint Belmont, who was of a most heroic disposition, still remained upon the estates to take care of them. An officer of cavalry having taken up his quarters there without invitation, Madame de St. Belmont sent him a very civil letter of complaint on his ill behaviour, which he treated with contempt. Piqued at this, she resolved he should give her satisfaction, and sent him a challenge, which she signed, "Le Chevalier de Saint Belmont." The officer accepted it, and repaired to

the place appointed. Madame de Saint Belmont met him dressed in men's clothes. They immediately drew their swords, and the heroine had the advantage of him ; when after disarming him, she said with a very gracious smile, " You thought, sir, I doubt not, that you were fighting with the Chevalier de St. Belmont ; it is however Madame de St. Belmont, who returns you your sword, and begs you in future to pay more regard to the requests of the ladies." She then left him, covered with shame and confusion.

THE CHEVALIER BAYARD.

Oh, fallen from glory's honour'd height !
Who, foremost ever in the fight,
Gave, lion-like, the hostile blow,
Fled'st, wolf-like, facing still the foe."

It was said of Bayard by the military men of his time, that he assaulted like a greyhound, defended himself like a lion, and retreated like a wolf, which always retires from its pursuers with its face towards them. His device was a porcupine, with this motto :

Vires agminis unus habet.

One man possesses the power of a whole troop.

This was given him in consequence of his having singly defended a bridge against two hundred Spaniards.

At the siege of Mezieres, which town he defended, the Comte de Nassau summoned him to surrender it. " Nay," replied he, " if I must march out of the place, it shall be over a bridge of the dead bodies of the enemy."

At the defeat of Romagnans, Bonivet, wounded

and not able to serve any longer, gave the command of the army up to Bayard, who, as usual, performed prodigies of valour ; until he was wounded by a musket shot, which broke the vertebræ of his back. He then caused himself to be helped off his horse, and to be placed at the foot of a tree, “ that at least,” said he, “ I may die facing the enemy.” Thus fell the brave Bayard the chevalier, *sans peur, et sans reproche*.

DUKE DE MONTMORENCI.

The character of the very unfortunate Duke de Montmorenci, whom Cardinal Richelieu persecuted to death, seems to have been composed of the virtues that should distinguish high rank, courage, and liberality. When after the fatal battle of Castelnadauri, he was brought wounded in many places, to be examined before the parliament of Thoulouse, he asked the officer who had taken him prisoner how he could identify his person? “ Alas ! my lord,” replied he, with tears in his eyes, “ the flames and the smoke with which you were covered prevented me at first from distinguishing you ; but when I saw in the heat of the engagement a person, who after having broken six of our ranks, was still killing some of our soldiers in the seventh, I thought that he could be no one except the Duc de Montmorenci ; but I did not certainly know that he was the person, till I saw him stretched upon the ground, with his horse dead upon him !”

GALLANT SUITOR.

The Abbe Arnauld in his entertaining memoirs relates, that King James I. and his court being once present at one of the combats between bull dogs and lions, at that time frequent in London; one of the maids of honour to the queen was attended by a young man of fashion, who was much attached to her, but whom she treated with indifference. The lady either to prove the strength of his passion, or perhaps to get rid of him, dropped one of her gloves upon the stage, and turning to the gentleman, affected to appear extremely concerned at her loss. He well knew what this meant, and quitting his seat very coolly, walked upon the stage with his sword drawn and his left arm wrapped up in his cloak. He then picked up the glove which had exposed him to so much danger, returned to his seat, and restored to the lady her glove, to the admiration of the whole court. Having vindicated his courage, the gallant youth very properly punished the coquette who had put it to so severe a test, by taking no further notice of her.

PITCHED BATTLE.

Seigneur de Beaumanoir, a partizan of the Count of Blois, conferring one day with Richard Bembron, the English commandant of Ploermel, a small fortress in Bretagne, on the means of preventing the mutual outrages their respective soldiers committed upon the peasants, quarrelled, and a challenge took place. It was agreed that the two commanders should meet

at a given spot, with thirty on each side, and settle the dispute. Beaumanoir and Bembron appeared at the day appointed, armed *cap-à-pied*, and at the head of their respective soldiers. The enthusiasm that inflamed these modern Horatii and Curiatii may easily be imagined. They charged most furiously, man against man. Ten of the English were either killed or dangerously wounded, when the plan of battle was changed, and each party formed itself into a little squadron. The English commander was thrown down, and slain upon the spot. The commander of the French, dangerously wounded, and ready to sink with heat and thirst, desired one of his companions to give him something to drink. The latter replied, "Beaumanoir, drink some of your own blood, and your thirst will go off. You must persist to the very last extremity." Beaumanoir, animated by these words, continued the struggle, and remained master of the field.

FEMALE PATRIOT.

When Charles the Twelfth invaded Norway, in the year 1716, the main body of his army advanced towards Christiana, whence a detachment was sent to destroy the silver-works at Konsberg. On this expedition, a party of eight hundred horsemen, commanded by Colonel Loeven, passed through a narrow defile in the Harestuewood, and quartered for the night at Norderhoug, in the neighbourhood of which a small detachment of Norwegian dragoons had been stationed to watch the motions of the enemy. The Swedish commander, who put up at the parsonage,

soon after his arrival received information that the Norwegians were only at the distance of three miles, and altogether ignorant of his arrival. Mrs. Anna Colbioernsen, the wife of the clergyman, who was confined at the time to his bed, happened to overhear a consultation among her guests, in which it was resolved to attack the Norwegians by break of day, and then to march against Konsberg. She immediately determined to apprize her countrymen of their danger. In the mean time the greatest attention was paid to her guests ; and, while she appeared wholly occupied in providing for their entertainment, improved her information. She displayed equal apparent benevolence towards the comforts of the private soldiers ; and, on pretext of wanting other necessaries to complete their entertainment, she dispatched a servant, as it were, to procure them.

The Swedish colonel, in the mean time, enquired of Mrs. Colbioernsen the road to Steen, where he intended to station his outposts, and was completely deceived by her replies. He ordered his horses to be kept in readiness at the door ; but she contrived to make the grooms intoxicated, upon which she put the horses in the stable and locked the door. Her next object was, under the plea of compassion, to obtain permission of the colonel to light a fire in the yard to comfort his men. This fire she insensibly increased to such a degree, that it served as a beacon to guide the Norwegians to the spot ; for she had informed her countrymen, that a fire would be a signal for them to advance. Every thing succeeded to her utmost wishes ; and her address and intrepidity were rewarded by the arrival of the Norwegians at her house,

without discovery. They took the Swedish colonel prisoner, and either cut to pieces, or put to flight, the whole of his party : upon which, they sat down to the entertainment which Mrs. Colbioernsen had provided for their enemies.

The next morning she went out, in company with another female, to view the field of battle. The Swedes, who had fled during night, in the mean time rallied, and being still superior in numbers to the Norwegians, they resolved to attack them ; but being ignorant of the force of the enemy, they sent out a reconnoitering party ; who falling in with Mrs. Colbioernsen, the corporal rode up to her, and pointing his carbine to her breast, demanded instant information as to the position and numbers of the Norwegians. Her companion fainted away ; but Mrs. Colbioernsen boldly asked, “ Is it the order of your king to shoot old women ? ” The corporal abashed, removed his carbine, but persisted in his first question. “ As to their numbers,” she replied, “ that you may easily find out, as they are at this moment mustering behind the church, in order to pursue you. More I cannot tell you, not having counted them ; but this I know, they are as numerous as the bees in a hive.” Relying upon this intelligence, the party returned to their countrymen, who fled in all directions ; and such was their confusion and disorder, that many were taken by the natives, and many lost in the forests.

EXTRAORDINARY DEFENCE OF NEMEZ.

The Austrians, the Poles, and the Venetians having formed a powerful league against the Turks in 1686, the Polish general entered Moldavia, and posted himself in front of the fortress of Nemez, which had been abandoned by all the inhabitants, and left to only nineteen Moldavian chasseurs who had the hardihood to remain. These brave men raised the bridges, shut the gates, and refused to surrender. The Poles, who were ignorant of the state of the garrison, cannonaded the place for four days. The chasseurs defended themselves with vigour, killed a great number of the besiegers, and in particular the master of the artillery. On the fifth day having lost ten of their comrades, they demanded to capitulate. An honourable capitulation was granted to them, with permission to go where they chose. As soon as the capitulation was signed, six men came out of the garrison, bearing on their shoulders three others who were wounded. At this spectacle, sentiments of admiration, of shame, and of rage, succeeded each other in the breast of the Polish general. He remained for a moment speechless, but the sense of honour bound him to his engagement, and he dismissed these brave men with the highest eulogium on their courage.

SIR CLOUDESLEY SHOVEL.

Sir Cloudesley Shovel, whose melancholy shipwreck on the rocks of Scilly is well known, was, when a boy, on board a ship commanded by Sir John Narborough,

who during an action, expressed a very earnest wish to have some orders of consequence conveyed to a ship at a considerable distance. Shovel hearing this, immediately undertook to convey it; and this he actually performed, swimming through the enemy's line of fire, with the despatches in his mouth.

LADY INGILBY.

After the battle of Marston Moor, Cromwell returning from the pursuit of a party of the royalists, purposed to stop at Ripley, and having an officer in his troop a relation of Sir William Ingilby, he sent him to announce his arrival. The officer was informed by the porter at the gate, that Sir William was absent, but that he might send any message he pleased to his lady. Having sent in his name, and obtained an audience, he was answered by the lady, that no such person should be admitted there; adding, she had force sufficient to defend herself and that house against all rebels. The officer, on his part, represented the extreme folly of making any resistance; and, that the safest way would be to admit the general peaceably. After much persuasion, the lady took the advice of her kinsman, and received Cromwell at the gate of the lodge, with a pair of pistols stuck in her apron-strings; and having told him, she expected that neither he nor his soldiers would behave improperly, led the way to the hall; where sitting each on a sofa, these two extraordinary personages, equally jealous of each other's intentions, passed the whole night. At his departure in the morning, the lady observed, "It was well he had behaved in so

peaceable a manner ; for that had it been otherwise, he would not have left that house with his life."

BRITISH TARS.

When a vessel commanded by Prince Rupert had sprung a leak, and was filling with water so rapidly that there were no hopes of saving her ; his crew, consisting of about sixty men, entreated him to save himself by getting into the boat, and taking with him whomsoever he might select to row it, telling him that he was destined and appointed for future achievements. He refused for some time, but at length quitted the vessel, and took as many in the boat as it would carry, when the rest with the utmost courage remained in the vessel, and it almost immediately sunk.

DUKE OF ALBEMARLE.

The famous Duke of Albemarle, who was equally distinguished in naval and military exploits, possessed personal courage in the highest degree. When the Dutch fleet approached Chatham, the duke apprehending they would land, exposed himself to the hottest of their fire, that his example might keep others to their duty, and defeat the design of the enemy. When a person of distinction expostulated with him on the danger to which he exposed himself, and would have persuaded him to retire, he answered very coolly, " Sir, if I had been afraid of bullets, I should have quitted this trade of a soldier long ago."

EARL OF SANDWICH.

On the breaking out of the second Dutch war in 1672, the Earl of Sandwich went to sea with the Duke of York, and commanded the blue division. They soon encountered the Dutch fleet, when the gallant Earl, in the *James* of one hundred guns, led the van, and commenced the action by a furious attack on Van Ghent's squadron; but not being well supported, he was left almost surrounded by the enemy. After sinking one of the Dutch ships, disabling that of the admiral, shattering five others, and lastly, sinking three fire-ships that were sent against him, a fourth fire-ship boarded the *James*, and the ship was soon in flames. The earl, then in his seventy-seventh year, previous to his going into action, had expressed his determination to defend his ship to the last extremity. When he perceived that it was impossible to save the vessel, he begged his Captain, Sir Richard Hadock, who was almost his only surviving officer, and the crew, to get into the boats and save themselves, declaring that he would be the last man to quit the ship. Many of the seamen, however, with a noble disdain of death that ought never to be forgotten, refused to leave their admiral, and the ship blowing up soon after, perished with him.

SIR JOHN HARMAN.

In the engagement between the English fleet under the Duke of Albemarle, and the Dutch fleet commanded by De Ruyter and Van Tromp, the *Henry*,

commanded by Sir John Harman, was surrounded and assailed from all quarters by the Zealand squadron ; so that Admiral Evertzen, who commanded it, hailed and offered him quarter. " No, sir," said the gallant officer, " it is not come to that yet." The next broadside killed the Dutch admiral, by which means the squadron was thrown into confusion, and obliged to quit the Henry ; but the Dutch sent three fire-ships to burn her. One of them grappled her starboard quarter, but the smoke was too thick to discern where the grappling irons had hooked, until the blaze had subsided, when the boatswain resolutely jumped on board, disentangled the irons, and instantly regained his own ship. Scarcely was this effected, before another fire-ship boarded her on the larboard side ; the sails and rigging of the Henry taking fire, destruction seemed inevitable, and several of the crew threw themselves into the sea ; upon which Sir John Harman drew his sword, and threatened to kill any one who should quit the ship. At length, the exertions of the remaining crew extinguished the flames. Sir John Harman, although his leg was broken, continued on deck giving directions, and sunk another fire-ship which was bearing down upon him. In this crippled state he got into Harwich, and repaired the damages his ship had sustained.

A DOUGLAS.

A captain of the name of Douglas, who commanded the Royal Oak when the Dutch sailed up the Medway, had received orders to defend his ship to the last extremity, but none to retire ; and therefore

when his ship was set on fire, he chose rather to perish in her than quit his station, exclaiming heroically, "A Douglas was never known to quit his post without orders!"

COLOURS SAVED.

In a Scottish regiment at the battle of Waterloo, the standard bearer was killed, and clasped the colours so fast in death, that a sergeant in trying to no purpose to rescue them, on the near approach of the enemy, made a violent effort, and throwing the dead corpse, colours and all, over his shoulders, carried them off together. The French seeing this, were charmed with the heroism of the action, and hailed it with loud clapping and repeated shouts of applause.

MARSHAL DE NEVAILLES.

At the battle of Senef, the Prince of Condé sent word to Marshal de Nevaillles to be ready to engage the enemy. The messenger found him hearing mass; at which the prince being enraged, muttered something in abuse of over-pious persons. But the marquess having performed wonders during the engagements, said after it to the prince, "Your highness, I fancy, now sees that those who pray to God, behave as well in battle as their neighbours."

ADMIRAL BENBOW.

The gallant Admiral Benbow, when engaged with the French fleet commanded by Du Casse, was shamefully deserted by the captains of several of his vessels, at the moment when there was the best prospect of a

glorious victory. Two of these captains were afterwards shot for cowardice, and the others cashiered.

In the heat of this engagement, and when he was wounded, one of his lieutenants consoled him for his misfortune. "I am sorry for it too," said the gallant Benbow; "but I would rather have lost both my legs, than have seen this dishonour brought on the English nation; but hear me, should another shot deprive me of life, behave like men, and fight it out while the ship can swim." The admiral was obliged to have his wounded leg amputated, and this operation causing a fever, he died soon after, regretting in his last moments the misconduct of his captains, which had robbed him of so fair an opportunity of rendering an eminent service to his country.

VALIANT DESPAIR.

The power of fear is never more strongly manifested than when, after depriving men of all regard both to duty and honour, it is seen hurrying them back to the very line from which they were most diverging, and making them act the part of heroes out of the sheerest cowardice.

In the first pitched battle which the Romans fought against Hannibal, under the Consul Sempronius, a body of twenty thousand foot took to flight, but finding their escape intercepted by a large division of the Carthagenians, and seeing no other help for their cowardice, they threw themselves headlong upon the enemy, and with wonderful force and fury cut their way through; thus purchasing an ignominious flight at the same price which might have gained a glorious victory.

SELF-DEVOTED CITIES.

The city of Abydos being closely besieged both by sea and land by Philip of Macedon, the inhabitants being refused any other alternative than to surrender at discretion, or to fight it out gallantly, they came to the desperate resolution of perishing one and all, rather than submit to an inglorious surrender. The men shut up all their wives in the Temple of Diana, and placed their children and nurses separately in the public schools, that the yearnings of maternal tenderness might be less likely to interpose any hindrance to their awful purpose. All their silver and gold they collected into one heap in the market-place, and their more perishable furniture they put into two galleys. These arrangements made, they chose out fifty persons of the greatest bravery and trust among them, and caused them solemnly to swear, "that they would keep themselves in reserve, while the rest of the citizens defended the walls to their latest breath; that when they saw the enemy masters of the inner wall, they would kill all the women and children, set fire to the galleys, cast the gold and silver into the sea, and then seek death for themselves on the spears of the enemy, that not one of all the people of Abydos might remain to grace the triumph of the inexorable Philip.

The Macedonians now made their last assault. They were met with a heroism which astonished them; every step they gained was knee-deep in blood; wall after wall, ruin after ruin, the citizens defended with an obstinacy which would yield only to death; and when at last the inner wall was passed, what a scene

for the eyes of a conqueror to feast upon ! The harbour in flames ; the women and children perishing by the hands of their own kindred ; and the very few men who survived when they could no longer obtain death from an enemy sick of slaughter, falling on their own swords, casting themselves headlong from the tops of the houses, or rushing wildly into the sea.

Philip made indeed a conquest of Abydos ; but it was the conquest only of a name. The glory the people gained by so extraordinary a sacrifice, could leave none to their conqueror.

The Castle of Massada, built by Herod the Great, was deemed impregnable, and was in general abundantly stocked with provisions. When besieged by the Romans, it contained nine thousand and sixty men, besides women and children. It withstood for a long time every effort of the besiegers, but was at length so closely pressed, that the garrison saw no other hope of escape from the hands of the enemy but in death. The choice was soon made ; they unanimously preferred a voluntary surrender of their lives, to dragging out a wretched existence in servitude and bondage. They chose a resolute few who inflicted the melancholy doom on the rest ; the few then cast lots for one to despatch his surviving fellows ; and the man on whom the lot fell having executed this last horrid duty, fired the palace, and then killed himself. Only two women and five children, who hid themselves in a vault, escaped, to give the Romans an account of the dreadful tragedy by which they had become masters of the place.

ROMAN CAPTIVES.

Pomponius, a knight of Rome, having been sorely wounded and taken prisoner in an engagement with the troops of Mithridates, was brought into the presence of that prince, who asked him, "Whether, if care was taken of the cure of his wounds, he would become his friend?" Pomponius, with the constancy characteristic of a Roman, nobly replied, "No, Mithridates, never, whilst thou art the enemy of the Roman people; be their friend, and then thou shalt find a friend in Pomponius."

C. Mævius, a Centurion in the army of Augustus Cæsar, having after many gallant achievements in the open field, been surprised by an ambuscade, was carried to Alexandria, and presented to Antony. "How would you," said Antony, "that I should deal with you?" "Instantly," said Mævius, "take away my life, for neither by saving it, nor by the punishment of any kind of death, can I ever be brought to forget my allegiance to Cæsar, and become a soldier of thine." Antony was so pleased with this intrepid answer, that he spared his life, and would have loaded him with favours, if the integrity of Mævius would have allowed him to receive them.

INDIVIDUAL PROWESS.

At the siege of Durazo, in the war between Cæsar and Pompey, Cassius Sceva singly maintained an important position against the whole force of the enemy, until Cæsar came to his relief. He lost one of his

eyes, was wounded in the shoulder and thigh, and had no less than one hundred and thirty arrows sticking in his shield !

In the reign of William the First, a Norwegian soldier maintained the passage of a bridge for several hours against the whole of the English army. Forty of the assailants fell under his arm, and he was only overcome at last by one of them getting under the bridge, and unseen thrusting a spear through his body.

During the wars of Suabia in 1499, a Swiss named Jehan Vonvals, made head alone, and defended a pass against twenty men at arms. He had already overthrown three of them with his pike, when the others astonished at his valour, promised him good quarter, took him with them into their camp, and then suffered him to return.

In the wars of Helvetia, against the House of Austria, the brave Uric Rothac of Appenzel being surprised by twelve Austrians, fought alone against them, and killed five ; the seven despairing of victory, set fire to the cabin, on the top of which he had posted himself, and basely destroyed him in the flames.

GRENADIER COMPANY.

During the siege of Montmelian by the French in 1691, the Marechal de Catinat, who wished to know if the ditch of the place was sunk in the rock, or only faced with masonry on the side of the glacis, caused soldiers to descend in a gabion suspended by a cord.

But so many brave men had perished in this dangerous commission, that no person could be found to attempt it further. At length a young soldier had the temerity to offer himself. "What means," said the marshal, "wilt thou take to know whether it is masonry or the rock?" "I shall know it very well," he replied, "by probing it from the window of the gabion with the point of my bayonet." The soldier descended into the ditch, fortunately returned, and gave a good account of what it was of such great importance to know. "What wouldst thou have for thy recompense?" said the general. "I demand as a favour," replied he, "that I may enter the company of grenadiers."

HEART OF ROBERT BRUCE.

"And here," he cried, "my friends, set down
The heart that bears the wings and crown,
That heart, beneath whose holy shade
My sires have drawn their conquering blade,
Nor ever with dishonour sheath'd,
Since royal Bruce his heart bequeath'd,
And gallant James of Douglas swore
To bear it from his native shore,
And yield it up in Palestine,
Within his dear Redeemer's shrine.
Now plant it here, for whence I go
With whirlwind fury on my foe;
But mark, whatever fate betide,
I charge you, by your courage tried,
And as my knightly love you prize,
To rest in peace---who moves, he dies.
Now sound a summons to the fight,
Douglas for Scotland and the right."

The heart crowned and winged, is the ancient crest of the Douglas family. The circumstance from which it took its rise, is thus narrated by Froissart :

When the valiant King Robert of Scotland saw his end approaching, he called to him the brave Lord James Douglas, and said to him, “ My dear friend, you know that I have had much to do, and have suffered many troubles during my life to support the rights of my crown.

“ At the time I was most occupied, I made a vow, the non-accomplishment of which gives me much uneasiness. I vowed, that if I could finish my wars in such a manner that I might have quiet to govern peaceably, I would go and make war against the enemies of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the adversaries of the Christian faith. To this point my heart has always leaned ; but our Lord was not willing, and gave me so much to do in my life-time, and this last expedition has lasted so long, followed by this heavy sickness, that, since my body cannot accomplish what my heart wishes, I will send my heart in the stead of my body, to fulfil my vow. And as I do not know any one knight so gallant or enterprising, or better formed to complete my intentions than yourself, I beg and entreat of you, dear and special friend, as earnestly as I can, that you would have the goodness to undertake this expedition for the love of me, and to acquit my soul to our Lord and Saviour ; for I have that opinion of your nobleness and loyalty, that if you undertake it, it cannot fail of success---and I shall die more contented : but it must be executed as follows : I will that, as soon as I shall be dead, you take my heart from my body, and have it well embalmed ; you

will also take as much money from my treasury, as will appear to you sufficient to perform your journey, as well as for all those whom you may choose to have accompany you, to deposit it at the Holy Sepulchre of our Lord, where he was buried, since my body cannot go there. You will not be sparing of expence; and provide yourself with such company and such things suitable to your rank; and wherever you pass, you will let it be known, that you bear the heart of King Robert of Scotland, which you are carrying beyond seas by his command, since his body cannot go thither."

All those present began bewailing bitterly; and when the Lord James could speak, he said, "Gallant and noble King, I return you a hundred thousand thanks for the high honour you do me, and for the valuable and dear treasure with which you entrust me; and I will most willingly do all that you command me with the utmost loyalty in my power: never doubt it, however I may feel myself unworthy of such a high distinction."

The king replied, "Gallant knight, I thank you; You promise it me then?"

"Certainly, sir, most willingly," answered the knight. He then gave his promise upon his knighthood.

The king said, "Thanks be to God! for I shall die in peace, since I know that the most valiant and accomplished knight in my kingdom will perform that for me, which I am unable to do for myself."

Soon after, the valiant Robert Bruce, King of Scotland departed this life on the 7th of November, 1327. His heart was embalmed, and his body buried in the monastery of Dunfermline.

The Lord Douglas immediately set about the accomplishment of his honourable mission. Hearing

that Alphonso, King of Spain, was waging war against the Saracen King of Grenada, he thought that if he should go thither, he should employ his time and journey according to the late king's wishes; designing when he had assisted to subdue the Saracen of Grenada, to proceed forthwith to complete the duty with which he was charged. He departed from Scotland accordingly with a splendid retinue; landed at Valentia, and joined the Spanish king, who was with his army on the frontiers of Grenada. It happened, soon after his arrival, that the King of Spain issued forth into the fields, to make his approaches nearer the enemy; the King of Grenada did the same; and each king could easily distinguish the other's banners, and they both began to set their armies in array. The Lord James placed himself and his company on one side, to make better work and a more powerful effect. When he perceived that the battalions on each side were fully arranged, and that of the King of Spain in motion, he imagined they were about to begin the onset: and as he always wished to be among the first rather than the last on such occasions, he and all his company stuck their spurs into their horses, until they were in the midst of the King of Grenada's battalion, and made a furious attack on the Saracens. They fled, and Douglas, with his companions, eagerly pursued them. Taking the casket from his neck, which contained the heart of Bruce, he threw it before him, and cried, "Now pass thou onward as thou was wont, and Douglas will follow thee, or die." The fugitives rallied. Surrounded and overwhelmed by superior numbers, Douglas fell. His few surviving companions found his body in the field,

together with the casket, and reverently conveyed them to Scotland. The remains of Douglas were interred in the sepulchre of his fathers, in the church of Douglas, and the heart of Bruce was deposited at Melrose, leaving the dying wishes of King Robert still unaccomplished.

FAITHFUL GOVERNOR.

While the Moors were laying siege to Tariffa, during the reign of Sanctius King of Castile, a son of Alphonsus Guzman, the governor of the place, fell into their hands, on which they exhibited him before the walls, and threatened to put him to a cruel death, unless his father instantly gave up the town. All the garrison were much moved by the afflicting alternative presented to them ; the father and governor alone remained undaunted. Guzman called out with a loud voice to the enemy, " that had they a hundred sons of his in their power, they would never make him swerve from the fidelity which he owed to his royal master ;" and added, " since you are so thirsty of blood, there is a sword for you," throwing his own over the wall to them. Having retired from the battlements, he was preparing to sit down to dinner, when a great noise again called him forth. On enquiring the cause, the people told him, " that his son had been just put to death, with circumstances of the most barbarous cruelty. " Is that then," said Guzman, " all the cause of the tumult? I thought the enemy had forced their way into the town ;" and with these words he calmly returned to his dinner. The Moors discouraged by a fortitude so extraordinary, soon after raised the siege.

BATTLE OF AGINCOURT.

At this memorable battle, in which Henry the Fifth gained immortal honour, eighteen French knights having entered into an association to take the king dead or alive, fought their way to where he was; and one of them struck him with a battle axe, which did not however penetrate his helmet. At this moment David Gam, a Welch captain, and two of his countrymen, rushed in to the assistance of the king, and saved him, at the expence of their own lives. The French knights were every one killed; and when Henry saw his three gallant friends expiring of their wounds at his feet, in gratitude of such noble service, he knighted them as they lay on the field of battle, and charged the enemy with redoubled ardour. His brother, Gloucester, who fought by his side, received a stroke from a mace, which felled him to the ground. Henry covered him with his shield, and, at the same time, sustained the attack of a multitude of assailants; but not being able to defend himself against them all, he received a blow on the head which brought him on his knees; he however instantly sprung up, and laid the man who gave it, dead at his feet. At this instant the Duke of York came up to his relief, and the troops seeing his danger, with a sort of enthusiasm, bore down all before them. The Duc d'Alencon finding his army thrown into disorder, and in danger of being totally defeated, resolved to make one effort, that should either restore to him the glory of the day, or, at least, save him the mortification of surviving his defeat. With three

hundred choice volunteers he made his way to where Henry was performing prodigies of valour, and crying out, "I am the Duc d'Alençon," he gave the king a most furious blow on the head, which pierced his helmet; but not being able quickly to disengage his sword, Henry returned the stroke so effectually, that he brought the duke and two of his followers to the ground. The loss of Alençon filled the French with consternation and confusion, and they betook themselves to flight. In this battle, which lasted five hours, the French had one thousand men killed, and sixteen thousand taken prisoners; while the loss of the English did not exceed *four hundred men*. The English were, at the commencement of the action, about twelve thousand or thirteen thousand in number, and the French not less than forty thousand. When Gam, the gallant Welch captain, was sent to reconnoitre the enemy's position the day before the battle, he reported on his return, that "there were enough to be killed, enough to be taken prisoners, and enough to run away."

CHEVY CHASE.

The battle of Otterburn, which is perpetuated in one of the finest old ballads in the English language, Chevy Chase, was fought at the close of the fourteenth century, between the Scots forces, under the command of the Earl of Douglas, and the English, commanded by the famous Hotspur, Earl Percy. These two gallant heroes encountered each other on horseback, in sight of both armies. They were nearly of the same age, and rivals in reputation, so that both sides

suspended their efforts to see the issue of the combat between them. At the first stroke Percy was unhorsed, and would have fallen into the hands of his antagonist, had not his men rushed in between them, and carried him away ; but Douglas had won his lance and pennon, which he waved over his head, calling aloud that he would carry it to Scotland, as a trophy of victory. Percy feeling all the horrors of mortified ambition, vowed that Douglas should never carry his lance into Scotland ; and assembling a body of horse and foot, he set out in pursuit of the enemy, whom he overtook at Otterburn, and instantly attacked him with great impetuosity, although the day was almost spent before he could begin the battle. The fight was maintained with equal obstinacy on both sides, until the combatants were parted by the darkness. In a few hours, however, the English renewed the attack by moonlight, and Percy fought with such fury to retrieve his honour, that the Scots began to give way. Douglas being informed of this circumstance, rushed into the midst of the English with his battle axe in his hand, hewing down all before him, until his retreat was intercepted, and he was surrounded by his enemies, without any other second than his own chaplain, who had followed him, and being animated by his example, fought most valiantly. The friends of Douglas learning his situation, penetrated to the place, where they found him fainting with the loss of blood, from three mortal wounds which he had received, and his chaplain defending him singly against a host of foes. Having obliged the English to give way in their turn, they would have conveyed Douglas from the field ;

but that valiant chief, feeling his end approaching, would not suffer himself to be removed, but with his dying breath begged they would conceal his fate, and revenge his death upon the enemy. Then his friends throwing a cloak over his body, erected his standard, and pronouncing his name as a rallying word, made such a desperate effort, that they completely routed the English, took Percy and his brother, with above one hundred gentlemen, prisoners, and left twelve hundred dead upon the field of battle.

WARWICK, THE KING MAKER.

The Earl of Warwick, commonly called the “King Maker,” from the facility with which he created and deposed monarchs, during the contests between the houses of York and Lancaster, lived in a style of magnificence and hospitality, of which no period, perhaps, furnishes an example. No less than thirty thousand persons are said to have lived daily at his board, in the different manors and castles which he possessed; and the military, allured by his hospitality as well as his bravery, were strongly attached to his interests.

This distinguished warrior fell at the battle of Barnet, in 1471, when, owing to the mistake of one part of his army falling upon the other, during a fog, he was defeated by Edward the Fourth. In former battles, Warwick had always fought on horseback, that he might at once ride along the line, and perceive the particulars of the action; but on this occasion he determined to fight on foot, that his soldiers might see that he was resolved to share with them the

dangers of the day. It was this gallant resolution which was the great cause of his defeat ; for could he have been personally present in those places where directions and assistance were wanted, the accident would, in all probability, not have happened. After having exerted himself as an officer and a hero, in fruitless attempts to turn the tide of fortune in his favour, he rushed into the hottest part of the battle, and fell covered with wounds. His brother, Montacute, in endeavouring to save him, met with the same fate.

RICHARD THE THIRD.

In the battle of Bosworth field, which terminated the wars between the houses of York and Lancaster, Richard the Third, in order to animate his men by his example, advanced to the front of the battle, and there perceiving his competitor, the Earl of Richmond, he couched his lance, and spurring his horse, run against him with such fury, that he killed his standard-bearer, Sir William Brandon, and unhorsed Sir John Cheney, an officer remarkable for his strength and prowess. Henry, though he did not seem very eager to engage such an antagonist, advanced to meet him, and kept him at the sword's point until they were separated by the soldiers.

When the king saw all his endeavours to rally the troops ineffectual, he rushed into the midst of the battle, where he fought with the most determined courage, until overpowered by numbers, he fell in the midst of those he had slain.

ENGLISH YEOMAN.

An English yeoman, of the name of John Person, particularly distinguished himself by his bravery in an engagement in France, in the reign of Henry the Seventh. After a cannon shot had carried away his foot, still sitting and kneeling, he continued to shoot his arrows until the French fled ; he then cried out to one of the archers, " Have thou these six arrows that I have left, and follow thou the chase, for I may not." This brave man died a few days after.

NOBILITY OF BLOOD.

Crantz, in his Saxon History, tells us of an Earl of Alsatia, surnamed, on account of his great strength, *Iron* ; who was a great favourite with Edward the Third of England, and much envied, as favourites are always sure to be, by the rest of the courtiers. On one occasion, when the king was absent, some nobleman maliciously instigated the queen to make trial of the noble blood of the favourite, by causing a lion to be let loose upon him, saying, according to the popular belief, that " if the earl was truly noble, the lion would not touch him." It being customary with the earl to rise at break of day, before any other person in the palace was stirring, a lion was let loose during the night, and turned into the lower court. When the earl came down in the morning, with no more than a night-gown cast over his shirt, he was met by the lion bristling his hair, and growling destruction between his teeth. The earl not in the

least daunted, called out with a stout voice, "Stand, you dog." At these words the lion couched at his feet, to the great amazement of the courtiers, who were peeping out at every window, to see the issue of their ungenerous design. The earl laid hold of the lion by the mane, turned him into his cage, and placing his night-cap on the lion's back, came forth without ever casting a look behind him. "Now," said the earl, calling out to the courtiers, whose presence at the windows instantly convinced him of the share they had had in this trial of his courage, "let him amongst you all, that standeth most upon his pedigree, go and fetch my night-cap."

NASEBY FIGHT.

In the battle of Naseby, so fatal to the fortunes of King Charles the First, General Fairfax had his helmet beaten off; but, nevertheless, continued in the fight bare headed. Colonel D'Oyley told him he exposed himself to too much danger, and offered his own helmet; but Fairfax declined it, saying "Its well enough, Charles." He then ordered D'Oyley to charge a body of the king's foot, which stood unbroken in the front, whilst he would do the same in the rear, and meet him in the middle: the manœuvre was executed immediately. In this charge Fairfax killed an ensign; and one of D'Oyley's troopers having caught the colours, boasted afterwards that he had killed the ensign. The colonel chiding him for this, Fairfax said, "Let him alone, I have honour enough; let him take that to himself."

General Skippon, who was wounded early in the action, being urged to quit the field, refused, saying, "he would not stir as long as a man would stand by him."

GALLANT ROYALISTS.

The town of Colchester was besieged by General Fairfax in the year 1637 ; and after being defended with great bravery for some time, the siege was converted into a blockade, and the garrison was starved, to surrender at discretion. Fairfax sullied this victory by an act of great cruelty. In a council of war, it was resolved that Sir Charles Lucas, Sir George Lisle, and Sir Bernard Gascoign, the governors, should be put to death ; but the life of Gascoign was spared, on account of his being a foreigner. When the other two were brought out to be shot, Lucas gave the word to fire, as if he had been at the head of his own company. Lisle kissed him eagerly after he was dead ; and desired the executioners to come nearer. One of the soldiers replying, "I'll warrant, sir, we will hit you ;" "Friend," said he, smiling, "I have been nearer you when you have missed me." So saying, the gallant Lisle received their fire, and fell, lamented by all good men who knew his personal bravery, the goodness of his heart, and the sweetness of his disposition.

DEFENCE OF CORFE CASTLE.

During the civil wars, Corfe Castle, in the Isle of Purbeck, was most gallantly defended by Lady

Banks, the wife of Sir John Banks, Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, to whom it belonged. Sir William Earle, who commanded the forces sent to reduce it, wishing at first to get possession of it by stratagem, sent a party of forty seamen, to demand four small field pieces which were in the castle. Lady Banks went to the gates, and desired to see their warrant; they produced one under the hands of some of the commissioners. Instead of delivering them, however, Lady Banks withdrew, and though, at that time, there were but five men in the castle, yet these five, assisted by the maid servants, mounted the cannon on their carriages, loaded one of them, which they fired, and thus drove the party away.

The besiegers next attempted to starve her to surrender, by preventing all supplies of ammunition from reaching the castle. Lady Banks at length agreed to give up the four pieces of cannon, on condition that she should be permitted to enjoy the castle and arms in it, in peace and quietness. The besiegers on this relaxed in their vigilance, and Lady Banks benefited of the interval, by laying in a stock of victuals, and getting the assistance of Captain Lawrence. The parliamentary forces, about six hundred in number, now attacked the castle, were repulsed, and the slender garrison sallied out and brought nine oxen into the castle, without the loss of a man. An attempt was afterwards made to take it by scaling ladders; one party assaulted the middle ward, defended by Captain Lawrence and his few soldiers; the other party assaulted the upper ward, which the Lady Banks, with her daughters, women, and five soldiers, defended against the rebels, heaving over

large stones and hot embers upon them as they were climbing the ladders. After losing a hundred men in this assault, the siege was abandoned.

A CHAMPION.

Guy, Earl of Warwick, returning from the Holy Land in the habit of a pilgrim, at a time when Athelstan, one of the Saxon monarchs, was in great distress for a champion to fight Colebraud, a monstrous Danish giant, who in behalf of the Danes, had challenged any person the English should bring into the field; Guy accepted this challenge, and without being known to any but the king, fought the giant near Winchester, and killed him. The Danes yielded the victory, while Guy retired privately to a hermit's cell near Warwick, and there ended his days.

HEROIC BISHOP.

The siege of Clonmell, in the year 1650, is one of the most memorable in the annals of Ireland. Hugh O'Neal, a spirited young man, with twelve hundred provincial troops, maintained the town in so gallant a manner, that Cromwell's temper, arts, and military strength, were fairly put to the test. Boetius M'Egan, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Ross, was particularly active in collecting, animating, and leading on the remains of the troops that Cromwell had put to flight in different engagements. This unfortunate prelate, who might well be called the soul of the party, at length fell into the hands of Lord Broghill, one of the ablest of the parliamentary generals. His lordship

knew the value of his captive, and prudently resolved to turn a man, whom the fortune of war had thrown into his hands, to the greatest advantage. He knew that the influence of his prisoner over the royalists was unbounded; and that a few words from him would have more effect than all the artillery he had collected. His lordship therefore offered him his life, on condition that he would exercise his authority with the garrison of a fort called Carrickdrogid, near the field of battle. The bishop promised to use his influence: and so he did; for on being conducted to the fort, he conjured the garrison, in the name of Heaven, their religion, love of country, and the spirits of those who had fallen in support of all that was dear to them, to maintain their post, and bury themselves in its ruins, before they would yield it up to an implacable enemy. As soon as he had done, he turned round, looked on Lord Broghill with a smile of complacency, and desired to be led to the scaffold. He was almost immediately executed on the branch of a tree, within view of the fort. Thus perished the brave Boothghalach M'Aodhagan (as his name is written in Irish) who acted so gallantly from principle, and who undauntedly sealed the cause he espoused with his blood.

KING WILLIAM III.

At the battle of Seniffe, which gained him great credit with his countrymen, King William, then Prince of Orange, charged in person in a variety of places, and with too great a neglect of his safety, on which so much depended. He was at one time engaged

among a body of the French, when thinking them his own men, he bade them charge, and was answered that they had no more powder. Discovering his mistake in an instant, he flew from them, placed himself at the head of one of his own troops, charged and routed the enemy completely.

At the battle of Montcassel, after a sharp dispute, the first regiment of Dutch infantry began to break. The prince rallied them several times, but was at last borne down by the flight of his men, whom he was forced to resist like enemies. He fell in among them with sword in hand, and cutting the first across the the face, cried aloud, "Rascal, I'll set a mark on thee, that I may know where to find a coward." He was carried by the torrent of the runaways to the rest of his troops, which yet made a stand, and with these accomplished a retreat, scarcely less glorious than a victory.

BATTLE OF THE BOYNE.

King William the Third had some very narrow escapes at the battle of the Boyne, not only from the enemy, but from his own troops. One of the Inniskillen men mistaking the king for an officer of the enemy, levelled his piece at him. His majesty cried out, "What! don't you know your friends from your foes?" and so prevented the blow. Heedless of the consequences, he was rushing towards the enemy at the head of a very small party of guards, when Lord Scarborough strictly commanded that not a man should stir; his orders were so well obeyed, that the king having advanced a little way,

turned about, and found he was alone, and so was forced to return to his company.

The gallant Schomberg fell in this engagement in the eighty-second year of his age, as did also the brave Caithmote, who had followed the duke's fortunes, and commanded one of the protestant regiments. After Caithmote had received his mortal wound, he was carried back through the river by four soldiers; and though in the agonies of death, he with a cheerful countenance encouraged those who were crossing to do their duty. "A la gloire! a la gloire!" he exclaimed, as long as he was able to speak.

INTREPID CITIZEN.

Charles the Seventh of France having made his appearance with a powerful army before Florence, the citizens anticipating that they would experience more favourable treatment by a prompt submission, threw open the gates to him. But no sooner had Charles entered the place, than he proceeded to treat it as a conquered town, and commanded the citizens to send him a deputation of their number, to whom he might make known his sovereign pleasure respecting them. Four of the principal citizens, among whom was one Petrus Caponis, were accordingly commissioned to treat with the king; and on their appearance before him, his principal secretary was desired to read the terms which his majesty had decreed. These were, that the government of the town should be wholly given up to the French, and that a large sum of money should be paid by the citizens as ransom for their liberties and estates! On hearing this rigorous

sentence, Caponis was so indignant, that regardless of the royal presence, he snatched the paper from the secretary's hands, and tearing it in pieces, exclaimed, "And now, king, sound you your trumpets, and we will ring our bells." Charles, astonished at the resolution of the man, and awakened to a sense of the injustice he was about to commit, desisted from his purpose; and it became thereafter a proverbial saying in Italy, "*Gallum a Capone victum fuisse.*"

DON JOHN DE PADILLA.

During the civil wars in Castile, in the reign of Charles V. Don John de Padilla, a young and gallant nobleman, distinguished for his talents, his ambition, and his courage, was the chief leader of the insurgents. In an engagement between the two parties, which a combination of circumstances had rendered disadvantageous to the rebels, Padilla determined not to survive a defeat and the ruin of his party, rushed into the thickest of the enemy, and being wounded and dismounted, fell into their hands. His execution quickly followed, and he submitted, but with the dauntless spirit of a man and a hero. One of his companions having expressed some indignation at hearing himself proclaimed a traitor, Padilla calmly observed, "that yesterday was the time to have displayed the spirit of gentlemen; the present day to die with the meekness of christians." Being permitted to write to his wife, and to the community of Toledo, his native city, previous to his ascending the scaffold, he addressed and consoled the former in a strain of virtuous and manly tenderness, and the latter with the exultation of a martyr to freedom.

INDIAN WIDOW.

When Hyder Ali invaded the kingdom of Calicut, an Indian widow, about the age of thirty, braved in person all his efforts. She had upon her estate, near, the confines of Carrara, a miserable fort, called Bailary into which she went, and took with her twelve hundred horsemen, her subjects and labourers, who determined to perish by her side. They sustained two violent assaults, and each time rushing into the midst of the enemy's troops, repulsed them with considerable loss. An incursion from the Mahrattas at last gave Hyder Ali an opportunity of abandoning the siege. Her gratitude was as eminent as her courage. A young gentleman of the name of Brown was, as a free trader, negotiating for the purchase of some goods for the European market; he went with her into the fort, and assisted in the defence. After the siege had been abandoned, she made him presents which enabled him to return to his native country, and enjoy a fortune acquired by his virtue and spirit.

CAPTAIN DEATH.

In the month of December, 1756, the Terrible privateer, of twenty-six guns and two hundred men, commanded by Captain William Death, engaged the Grand Alexander, a French vessel of four hundred tons, twenty-two guns and one hundred men, and after a smart fight of two hours and a half, in which Captain Death's brother and sixteen of his men were killed,

he took her, and put forty men on board. A few days after, the Vengeance privateer of St. Maloes, thirty-six guns and three hundred and sixty men, bore down upon her, and retook the prize. The Vengeance and the prize then both attacked the Terrible, which was between them, and shot away her main-mast at the first broadside. One of the most desperate engagements ever recorded ensued, which lasted one hour and a half, in which Mons. Bourdas, the French captain, his lieutenant, and two thirds of his crew on one side, and Captain Death, almost all his officers, and the greatest part of his crew, on the other side, were killed. The Terrible was ultimately taken and carried into St. Maloes, in a shattered and frightful condition, having no more than twenty-six of the crew alive, sixteen of whom had lost legs or arms, and the other ten were all wounded.

As soon as this heroic feat was known in England, a subscription was set on foot, which produced a very handsome sum for the widow of Captain Death, and for the surviving seamen of the gallant crew.

A SAILOR'S LAST REGRET.

In the attack on Goree, in 1759, an English sailor being on the foretop, and having one of his legs carried away by a shot, with the heart of a lion he let himself down by a rope, saying at the same time, "he should not have cared for the accident, if he had done his duty; but it gave him pain to think that he should die without having done any thing on that day for his country."

GENERAL WOLFE.

When the immortal Wolfe received his death wound on the heights of Quebec, his principal care was that he should not be seen to fall. "Support me," said he, to such as were near him, "let not my brave soldiers see me drop; the day is ours. Oh! keep it," and with these words he expired.

HEROES OF QUEBEC.

At the siege of Quebec, Captain Ochterlong and Lieut. Peyton, both of General Monckton's regiment, were wounded, and fell before the breast-work near the falls; the former mortally---the latter severely in the knee. Two savages pushed down upon them with the utmost precipitation, armed with their knives. The first seized on Captain Ochterlong, when Lieut. Peyton, who lay reclining on his fusee, discharged it, and the savage dropt immediately on the body of his intended prey. The other savage advanced with much eagerness to Lieut. Peyton, who had no more time than to disengage his bayonet, and conceal its disposition. With one arm he warded off the purposed blow, and with the other laid him lifeless by his side. A straggling grenadier, who had happily escaped the slaughter of his companions, stumbled upon Captain Ochterlong, and readily offered him his services. The captain, with the spirit and bravery of a true Briton, replied, "Friend, I thank you! but with respect to me, the musket, or scalping knife, will only be a more speedy deliverance from pain. I have but a few

minutes to live. Go ; make haste, and tender your service, where there is a possibility it may be useful." At the same time he pointed to Lieut. Peyton, who was then endeavouring to crawl away on the sand. The grenadier took Lieut. Peyton on his back, and conveyed him to the boat, but not without each receiving a wound ; Lieut. Peyton in his back, and his rescuer near his shoulder.

FAITHFUL ADHERENTS.

During the war between the Turks and the Russians, in 1769, Caraman Pacha, who had a command in one of the actions near Choczim, having gone to meet the Grand Vizier on his march ; that general, for what real or supposed cause is not known, flew into a most violent passion, and immediately ordered his head to be cut off. The unfortunate Pacha endeavoured to retire, and at the same time drawing his sword, defended himself bravely ; but being soon surrounded and overpowered by numbers, he was cut to pieces. In the mean time his selictar or sword-bearer, fired with rage and indignation at the situation of his master, suddenly drew a pistol, with which he attempted to shoot the Vizier. It happened fortunately for the Vizier, that a faithful domestic having seen the motion of the selictar's arm, stepped suddenly between his master and the shot which he received in his body, and fell dead at his feet.

ADMIRAL KEPPEL.

When Admiral Keppel was sent to the Dey of Algiers, to demand restitution of two ships which the pirates had taken, he sailed with his squadron into the bay of Algiers, and cast anchor in front of the Dey's palace. He then landed, and attended only by his captain and barge's crew, demanded an immediate audience of the Dey ; this being granted, he claimed full satisfaction for the injuries done to the subjects of his Britannic Majesty. Surprised and enraged at the boldness of the admiral's remonstrance, the Dey exclaimed, "That he wondered at the English King's insolence in sending him a foolish beardless boy." A well-timed reply from the admiral, made the Dey forget the laws of all nations, in respect to ambassadors, and he ordered his mutes to attend with the bowstring, at the same time telling the admiral he should pay for his audacity with his life. Unmoved with this menace, the admiral took the Dey to a window facing the bay, and showed him the English fleet riding at anchor, and told him, that if he dared to put him to death, there were Englishmen enough in that fleet to make him a glorious funeral pile. The Dey was wise enough to take the hint. The admiral obtained ample restitution, and came off in safety.

GENOESE BOY.

In the year 1777, a vessel called the St. Michael was brought to by a Spanish guarda costa, just as she was entering the bay of Gibraltar, on pretence of searching for contraband goods. After much abusive

language to the master of the vessel, he was desired to pull down the English colours. A young lad of Genoese parents, but a native of Gibraltar, with a spirit truly heroic, answered, "No: pull down the English colours! For what? Old England for ever! They shall not be pulled down." One of the Spaniards in the guarda costa cried out immediately, *Mato este Pero---*kill that dog; upon which, four of them levelled their pieces, and killed him on the spot.

The Spaniards boarded the vessel, and stretched away for Algesiras; and being followed by the boats from an English frigate, the Spaniards ran the vessel on shore. The English sailors came up with her, and though on the enemy's coast, which was by this time lined with Spaniards, boarded her, seized every bag of money, and brought it safe to the garrison.

GALLANT INTERPOSITION.

In the battle between Lord Hawke and the French, the gallant admiral finding so much to depend on the capture of the French admiral's ship, the *Soliel Royale*, desired to be laid along side her; but the pilot hesitatingly replied, that he feared to do so, from the rocky shoals of the coast off which the battle raged. Hawke, however, was not to be dissuaded, and bore down upon her, with every gun double shotted. The captain of a French seventy-four gun ship, the *Surveillante*, aware of Hawke's design, gallantly threw his ship between Hawke and the French admiral, in time to receive Lord Hawke's fire, which saved the French admiral, but sent the *Surveillante*, and every soul on board, to the bottom.

DYING SCENES.

In an action with the combined fleets of France and Spain, about the year 1782, John Addington, a seaman on board the Royal William, received a cannon shot a little below his right hip, which severed his thigh from his body, except a small part of the skin by which it hung. In this situation he was brought into the cock-pit. The surgeon was endeavouring as much as possible to soften the rigour of his fate, when a wounded officer and another seaman were brought down; on which Addington said with the utmost composure, "Don't regard me; I'm past recovering; but do what you can for those who may be serviceable again." He then lay bleeding for about half an hour without uttering a groan, when he heard an officer come down, and call out to the people on the lower gun deck, that the French admiral had hauled close to the wind, and was making sail from them; the seamen immediately gave three cheers, in which Addington nobly joined, and then expired.

In the memorable battle of Trafalgar, William Chambers, master of the Royal Sovereign, had part of his side carried away while steering the ship towards the close of the action. He just lived until the firing ceased, when with a feeble voice he exclaimed, "Oh, could I but read the Gazette of this glorious day!" and with the remaining breath still left him, gave three feeble cheers, in which he

was joined by another dying man, and both immediately expired.

SAILOR'S WIFE.

During an action of Admiral Rodney with the French, a woman assisted at one of the guns upon the main deck, and being asked by the admiral what she did there, she replied, "An't please your honour, my husband is sent down to the cock-pit wounded, and I am here to supply his place. Do you think, your honour, I am afraid of the French?" After the action, Lord Rodney called her aft, told her she had been guilty of a breach of orders, by being on board, but rewarded her with ten guineas for so gallantly supplying the place of her husband.

AUSTRIANS AND SWISS.

Leopold, third Duke of Austria, having invaded Switzerland in 1386, determined to risk every thing on the issue of one engagement. Having pitched upon a narrow and rugged plain, where cavalry could have been of little service, he obliged all the nobility and men at arms who surrounded him to dismount. These chosen troops placed themselves in the first rank, determined to bear the brunt of the day. Several of the duke's friends wished to persuade him to remain on horseback, a spectator of the battle; but the gallant chief refused. "I fight," said he, "for my friends and my inheritance---God forbid that you should die, and I live in prosperity; I will divide with you the good and the evil---to day I will

either die with my knights and my subjects, or enjoy the victory with them." The two bands advanced. The Austrian consisted of four thousand men, the flower of Germany; their cuirasses were proof, and their long lances kept the enemy at a distance. Forming an oblong battalion, they advanced slowly, in close array, like a moving citadel of steel. The Swiss were only about thirteen hundred men, ill armed, without cuirasses, having only a short halbert and sword, and a little target on their arms to parry the first blows. They drew up in a triangular figure; and presenting one angle, they began the attack; but all their attempts to penetrate the hostile battalion were in vain, as they were transfixcd by the long lances of the Austrians before their short halberts could reach them. They had already made several unsuccessful attacks, sixty of them had fallen, and not one of the enemy had perished. Helvetic liberty would perhaps have for ever perished, had not Arnold Winchelried turned towards his countrymen and exclaimed, "I will die for you and for our country! take care of my wife and children---remember me, and follow!" At these words he put himself at the head of the triangle, threw down his arms, caught hold of as many lances as he could grasp, and suffered himself to be transfixcd to the spot where he fell, to open the path of victory to his countrymen. The Swiss then pierced the Austrian battalion, wielded their halberts on all sides, and soon put the foe to rout. The Austrians, heavily armed, overcome with lassitude and heat, and encumbered with their long lances, had in their turn the disadvantage; the nobles regretted the want of their horses when it was too late; they were now

abandoned to the mercy of the enemy. They conjured the duke at least to retire ; but the magnanimous prince replied, " God forbid that I should fly ; have so many brave men, counts, lords, and knights, and infantry, exposed their lives for me, and shall I abandon them ? No, I would rather die with honour than live without it." Then seeing the Austrian banner in danger of being taken, and hearing the standard-bearer call for assistance, he threw himself into the thickest of the fight, ran to his banner, and perished in its defence. Such was the glorious end of this prince in the thirtieth year of his age. Near seven hundred gentlemen remained stretched around him on the field of battle. Many great houses were annihilated, and there was scarcely a family in Upper-Germany, Alsace, and Swabia, which was not plunged in mourning. The standard-bearer was found dead with part of the flag still in his mouth, having swallowed the rest to prevent its falling into the hands of the enemy.

PRINCE OF CONDÉ.

When the first Prince of Condé was imprisoned through the intrigues of the Duke of Guise, his consort gaining admission into his prison, dressed him in her clothes, and thus suffered him to escape while she remained in his stead. The prince on his release fled for refuge to the fortress of Montargis, belonging to the Duchess of Ferrara, daughter of Louis XII., who had greatly interested herself in his behalf. The Duke of Guise unable to discover his retreat, released the Princess of Condé, not doubting but that

she would hasten to the prince, and thus afford his emissaries the opportunity of discovering him.

The duke guessed rightly ; and having thus learnt that it was the Duchess of Ferrara who had afforded shelter to the prince, he despatched orders for her to deliver him up. The messenger returning with an absolute refusal, the king, Francis II. was so irritated, that he directed all his troops in the neighbourhood of Montargis to assemble under the Count de Malicourt, whom he ordered to invest the castle, and bring him the prince dead or alive.

The count proceeded to execute these commands, and suddenly appeared before Montargis with a large body of troops and a formidable train of artillery. A trumpeter was despatched to the duchess, with threats of instantly laying the castle in ashes, if she did not put the troops in possession of her illustrious guests. This spread such an alarm among her guards and dependants, that they all crowded around her, and strenuously intreated her to acquiesce in the count's demand. She repulsed them with indignation ; when the gallant Condé hearing their request, rushed from his chamber, and addressing himself to the duchess's followers, said, " You tremble, and Condé is at your head ! Since you have not courage to defend him, his death shall relieve you from your apprehensions." At these words he proceeded to mount the ramparts, determined to stand the fury of the first discharge of the cannon. He called with a loud voice to the commanding officer of the artillery under the walls. " Behold," said he, " the object of your search ; direct your vengeance upon him only, and let him die, as he has lived, with honour."

The officer was astonished at the circumstance, and sent to the Count de Malicourt, who was at a small distance, for his instructions. The latter immediately rode up, and bade him fire according to the prince's request; when the Duchess of Ferrara appeared upon the walls, and taking the prince by the hand, threw herself before him. "Turn your fury against me," said she to the count, "and destroy at one instant the illustrious Condé, and the daughter of your long lamented king."

The memory of Louis XII. was idolized by the soldiers; they called out almost with one voice to the engineer, who was putting the match to the cannon, to stop, and then bid the count respect the daughter of him who had been the father of his people. Malicourt saw with amazement his men turn their backs upon the castle, and sullenly march to their different quarters.

The Prince of Condé the same night, with a few friends, departed from his benefactress, joined a large body of the Hugonots, and afterwards defeated the king's troops in several battles.

MARLBOROUGH.

At the siege of Nimeguen, Marlborough, then a very young man, attracted the notice of the celebrated Turenne, who from that period spoke of him by the familiar title of "the handsome Englishman," and shortly afterwards put his spirit to the test. A lieutenant-colonel having scandalously abandoned, without resistance, a station which he was enjoined to defend to the last extremity, Turenne exclaimed, "I will bet

a supper and a dozen of claret, that my handsome Englishman will recover the post with half the number of men that the officer commanded who has lost it." The wager was instantly accepted, and the event justified the confidence of the general; for Captain Churchill, after a short but desperate resistance, expelled the enemy and maintained the post.

DEATH OF TURENNE.

In the year 1675, the Council of Vienna sent Montecuculi to oppose Turenne, as the only officer that was thought to be a match for him. Both generals were perfect masters of the art of war. They passed four months in watching each other, and in marches and counter-marches; at length Turenne thought that he had got his rival into such a situation as he wanted, near Saltsbach, when going to choose a place to erect a battery, he was unfortunately struck by a cannon shot, which killed him on the spot. The same ball having carried away the arm of St. Hilaire, lieutenant-general of the artillery, his son, who was near, could not forbear weeping. "Weep not for me," said Hilaire, "but for the brave man who lies there, whose loss to his country nothing can repair."

DEFENCE OF CREMONA.

In the defence of posts, there are so many circumstances in favour of the attacked, that it is surprising that they do not hold it out longer than they commonly do. The example of Cremona, surprised by

Prince Eugene in 1702, will remain a lasting proof what determined bravery can do; and shew that though an enemy is master of half the ramparts and part of the town, he is not master of the whole.

Prince Eugene having formed the design of surprising this town, got some thousand Austrian soldiers admitted at a secret passage by a priest. These troops seized the two gates, and a great part of the town; the garrison, buried in sleep, were roused by the assault, and obliged to fight in their shirts; but by the excellent manœuvres of the officers and bravery of the men, they repulsed the Imperialists from square to square, from street to street, till Prince Eugene was at last obliged to abandon the town of which he had so nearly made a conquest.

DEFENCE OF ANGUILLA.

A French squadron attacked the small Island of Anguilla in the West Indies, in the year 1745, and landed *six hundred and fifty* men. The governor, Hodge, had only a company of *twenty-two* men to oppose this immense force, but not at all daunted by their superiority, he mustered his little band, and thus addressed them:---

“Gentlemen, I am an utter stranger to all manner of military discipline, so have nothing to recommend to you, but load and fire as fast as you can, and stand by one another in the defence of your country; so God bless ye.”

This address was not lost on these brave fellows, for they immediately shook hands, and solemnly bound themselves to each other, either to drive away the French

or die in the attempt. They then marched forward, and meeting the French in a narrow path, attacked them from a small breastwork prepared for the purpose, and killed and wounded above a hundred of their men. The survivors hastened on board their vessels, and immediately sailed. It is remarkable, that not one of Governor Hodge's men was either killed or wounded.

CAPTAIN HORNBY.

Mr. Richard Hornby of Stokesly, was master of a merchant ship, the *Isabella* of Sunderland, in which he sailed from the coast of Norfolk for the Hague, June 1, 1744, in company with three smaller vessels recommended to his care. Next day they made Gravesant Steeple, in the Hague; but while they were steering for their port, a French privateer, that lay concealed among the Dutch fishing boats, suddenly came against them, singling out the *Isabella* as the object of attack, while the rest dispersed and escaped. The strength of the two ships was most unequal; for the *Isabella* mounted only four carriage guns and two swivels, and her crew consisted of only five men and three boys, besides the captain; while the privateer, the *Marquis de Brancas*, commanded by Captain Andre, had ten carriage guns and eight swivels, with seventy-five men and three hundred small arms. Yet Captain Hornby nothing daunted; having animated his little crew by an appropriate address, and obtained their promise of standing by him to the last, hoisted the British colours, and with his two swivel guns, returned the fire of the enemy's

chace guns. The Frenchmen, in abusive terms, commanded him to strike. Hornby coolly returned an answer of defiance, on which the privateer advanced, and poured such showers of bullets into the *Isabella*, that the captain found it prudent to order his brave fellows into close quarters. While he lay thus sheltered, the enemy twice attempted to board him on the larboard quarter; but by a dextrous turn of the helm he frustrated both attempts, though the Frenchmen kept firing upon him both with guns and small arms. At two o'clock, when the action had lasted an hour, the privateer running furiously in upon the larboard of the *Isabella*, entangled her bowsprit among the main shrouds, and was lashed fast to her. Captain Andre now bawled out in a menacing tone, "You English dog, strike." Captain Hornby challenged him to come on board and strike his colours if he dared. The exasperated Frenchman instantly threw in twenty men on the *Isabella*, who began to hack and hew into the close quarters; but a general discharge of blunderbusses forced the assailants to retreat as fast as their wounds would permit them.

The privateer being now disengaged from the *Isabella*, turned about and made another attempt on the starboard side, when the valiant Hornby and his mate shot each his man as the enemy were again lashing the ships together. The Frenchman once more commanded him to strike; and the brave Englishman returning another refusal, twenty fresh men entered, and made a fierce attack on the close quarters with hatchets and pole axes, with which they had nearly cut their way through in three places, when

the constant fire kept up by Captain Hornby and his crew, obliged them a second time to retreat, carrying their wounded with them, and hauling their dead after them with boat hooks.

The *Isabella* continuing still lashed to the enemy, the latter, with small arms, fired repeated and terrible volleys into the close quarters; but the fire was returned with such spirit and effect, that the Frenchmen repeatedly gave way. At length Captain Hornby seeing them crowding behind their mainmast for shelter, aimed a blunderbuss at them, which being by mistake doubly loaded, containing twice twelve balls, burst in the firing, and threw him down, to the great consternation of his little crew, who supposed him dead. In an instant, however, he started up again, though greatly bruised, while the enemy, among whom the blunderbuss had made dreadful havoc, disengaged themselves from the *Isabella*, to which they had been lashed an hour and a quarter, and sheered off with precipitation, leaving their grapplings, and a quantity of pole axes, pistols, and cutlasses, behind them.

The gallant Hornby now exultingly fired his two starboard guns into the enemy's stern. The indignant Frenchman immediately returned, and renewed the conflict, which was carried on yard-arm and yard-arm, with great fury, for two hours together. The *Isabella* was shot through her hull several times, her sails and rigging were torn to pieces, her ensign was dismounted, and every mast and yard damaged; yet she still bravely maintained the combat, and at last, by a fortunate shot, which struck the *Brancas*

between wind and water, obliged her to sheer off and careen. While the enemy were retiring, Hornby and his little crew sallied out from their fastness, and erecting their fallen ensign, gave three cheers.

By this time both vessels had driven so near the English shore, that immense crowds had assembled to be spectators of the action. The Frenchman having stopped his leak, returned to the combat, and poured a dreadful volley into the stern of the *Isabella*, when Captain Hornby was wounded by a ball in the temple, and bled profusely. The sight of their brave commander streaming with blood, somewhat disconcerted his gallant companions, but he called to them briskly to keep their courage, and stand to their arms, for his wound was not dangerous. On this their spirits revived, and again taking post in their close quarters, they sustained the shock of three more tremendous broadsides, in returning which, they forced the *Brancas*, by another well aimed shot, a second time to sheer off and careen. The huzzas of the *Isabella's* crew were renewed, and they again set up their shattered ensign, which was shot through and through into honourable rags.

Andre, who was not deficient in bravery, soon returned to the fight, and having disabled the *Isabella* by five terrible broadsides, once more summoned Hornby, with terrible menaces, to strike his colours. Captain Hornby turned to his gallant comrades. "You see yonder, my lads," pointing to the shore, "the witnesses of your valour." It was unnecessary to say more; they one and all assured him of their resolution to stand by him to the last; and finding

them thus invincibly determined, he hurled his final defiance at the enemy.

Andre immediately ran his ship upon the Isabella's starboard, and lashed close alongside; but his crew murmured, and refused to renew the dangerous task of boarding, so that he was obliged to cut the lashings and again retreat.

Captain Hornby resolved to salute the privateer with one parting gun; and this last shot fired into the stern of the Brancas happening to reach the magazine, it blew up with a tremendous explosion, and the vessel instantly went to the bottom. Out of seventy-five men, thirty-six were killed or wounded in the action, and all the rest, together with the wounded, perished in the deep, except three, who were picked up by the Dutch fishing boats.

This horrible catastrophe excited the compassion of the brave Hornby and his men; but they could, unfortunately, render no assistance to their ill-fated enemies, the Isabella having become unmanageable, and her boat being shattered to pieces.

Mr. Hornby afterwards received from his sovereign a large gold medal, in commemoration of his heroic conduct on this occasion; conduct, perhaps, not surpassed by any thing in the annals of British naval prowess.

TOM BROWN.

At the battle of Dettingen on the 16th of June, 1743, a private in Bland's dragoons, of the name of Thomas Brown, who had not been more than a year in the service, singularly distinguished himself by his

intrepidity. After having had two horses killed under him, and lost two fingers of his left hand, seeing the regimental standard borne off by some of the enemy, in consequence of a wound received by the cornet, he galloped into the midst of the enemy, shot the soldier who was carrying off the standard; and having seized it, and thrust it between his thigh and the saddle, he gallantly fought his way back through the hostile ranks; and though covered with wounds, bore the prize in triumph to his comrades, who greeted him with three cheers. In this valiant exploit Brown received eight wounds in his face, head, and neck; three balls went through his hat, and two lodged in his back, whence they could never be extracted.

The fame of Tom Brown soon spread through the kingdom; his health was drank with enthusiasm; his achievement was painted on sign posts; and prints, representing his person and heroic deeds, were sold in abundance.

He recovered of his wound so far as to be able to serve for a short time in the life guards; but being ultimately found disqualified for further service, he retired on a pension of £30 a year, to the town of Yarm, (where there is still a sign that commemorates his valour) and died in this retirement in January, 1746.

THE LION MAN OF WAR.

In the year 1745, his majesty's ship the Lion, of fifty-eight guns, commanded by Captain Brett, engaged with two French vessels; one a man of war of sixty-four guns, and the other a ship of sixteen

guns. The Lion ran alongside the large ship, and fought her within pistol shot for five hours, when her rigging being cut to pieces, and her masts shot away, so that she lay muzzled in the sea, and could do nothing with her sails, the French ship escaped. Forty-five of the Lion's men were killed, and one hundred and seven wounded. Every person quartered at the guns was killed upon the spot, except two men and a boy. Captain Brett was wounded in the arm, in the foot, and was knocked down with splinters several times. His lieutenants were all wounded two hours before the close of the action, but still would not leave the deck, but continued to encourage the men to the last. It is singular that, with such examples of bravery, a coward could be found in the vessel; but yet this was the case. The captain of marines, though called upon several times during the action, could not be found. At last, one of the midshipmen discovered him concealed under a large bag of hay, with one of his corporals by him. The charge which this recreant so basely deserted, was taken by the Rev. Mr. Leach, the chaplain, who bravely put himself at the head of the corps, rallied them thrice on the poop of the ship, and encouraged them to behave like Englishmen, until he was shot dead on the spot.

COLONEL GARDINER.

The day before the battle of Preston Pans, Colone Gardiner rode through the ranks of his regiment, and addressed his men in the most respectful and animating manner. Perceiving a timidity in part

of his troops, he determined to set them a spirited example. "I cannot," said he, "influence the conduct of others as I could wish, but I have one life to sacrifice to my country's safety, and I shall not spare it." They continued under arms all night, and in the morning, by break of day, perceived the approach of the rebel army, under Prince Charles. The highlanders, though half armed, charged with such impetuosity, that in less than ten minutes after the battle began, the king's troops were broken and totally routed. After Colonel Gardiner's own regiment of dragoons had forsaken him, perceiving a party of the foot continuing to oppose the enemy without an officer, he immediately headed them, though already twice wounded, exclaiming, "Fight on, my lads, and fear nothing." At the instant, he was cut down by the scythe of a highlander fastened to a long pole, and fell covered with wounds.

When the engagement was over, Colonel Gardiner was pointed out to Charles among those who had fallen in the field. The Pretender stooping over him, gently raised his head from the ground, and exclaimed, "Poor Gardiner, would to God I could restore thy life!"

BATTLE OF MINDEN.

The most prominent achievement in this memorable battle, the cause of so much military controversy, was one which can never fail to call forth, in military as well as ordinary readers, an unmingled expression of admiration and surprise. Six regiments of British infantry, assisted by two of Hanoverian guards, were

detached from the right of the line of infantry, to charge the enemy's centre, which consisted of sixty squadrons of horse ; they obeyed this order ; and to their eternal honour, by half an hour past eight, drove the enemy before them, without any other assistance than from the artillery of their own country. In vain did the French cavalry attempt to rally ; they could not look this little corps of infantry in the face. In vain was it taken in front and flank by their artillery ; its resolution was not to be daunted ; the ground over which they marched was strewed with slaughter and blood, and carnage paved the path to glory.

FREDERICK THE GREAT.

Before the battle of Rosbach, which led to the most celebrated of all the King of Prussia's victories, Frederick addressed his little army, not amounting to more than twenty-five thousand men, in nearly the following words :

“ My brave soldiers---The hour is come in which all that is, and all that ought, to be dear to us, depends upon the swords that are now drawn for the battle. Time permits me to say but little, nor is there occasion to say much. You know that there is no labour, no hunger, no cold, no watching, no danger, that I have not shared with you hitherto ; and you now see me ready to lay down my life with you and for you. All I ask, is the same pledge of fidelity and affection that I give. Acquit yourselves like men, and put your confidence in God.”

The effect of this speech was indescribable. The

soldiers answered it by an universal shout, and their looks and demeanour became animated to a sort of heroic phrenzy.

Frederick led on his troops in person, exposed to the hottest of the fire. The enemy for a few moments made a gallant resistance ; but overwhelmed by the headlong intrepidity of the Prussians, they at length gave way in every part, and fled in the utmost disorder. Night alone saved from total destruction the scattered remains of an army which in the morning was double the number of its conquerors.

MARSHAL SCHWERIN.

When the King of Prussia entered Bohemia in 1757, at the head of thirty thousand men, the Austrian army, though consisting of one hundred thousand men, fled before them. At Auwal, a village about two miles from Prague, however, Count Brown, the Austrian general, determined to make a stand, and wait the arrival of the Prussians. His camp was fortified by every advantage of nature and every contrivance of art ; his centre was an eminence, his left was covered by Prague, and his right by a morass. The King of Prussia soon came up, and on the 6th of May, 1757, at three o'clock in the afternoon, a battle began. Marshal Schwerin, with the left of the Prussians, attacked the Austrians with amazing intrepidity in the very front of the enemy's batteries, climbed precipices till then thought insurmountable, and with this daring resolution, charged, sword in hand, forces much superior to his own. He was repulsed ; but not without a very ob-

stinate struggle, which occasioned a terrible carnage. The troops were soon rallied, and the brave Schwerin attempted to lead them on again; but the men hesitating about passing the morass, which was enfiladed by the enemy's batteries, he snatched the standard from the officer who bore it, and rushing foremost into the morass, cried out, "Let all brave Prussians follow me." At that instant he was struck dead by a cannon ball.

SIR WILLIAM ERSKINE.

In the month of February 1761, when Prince Ferdinand beat up the quarters of the French, they were obliged to retire a great way, without being able to offer any resistance. When they began at length to recover themselves, and to recoil on the allied army, Sir William Erskine, with the 15th regiment, was stationed in a village in the advance. In a very foggy morning, soon after the patrols reported that all was well, Sir William was alarmed by his vidette's having seen a large body of cavalry coming to surprise him. He instantly mounted his horse, and sallied intrepidly forth, at the head of the picquet of fifty men, leaving orders for the rest of the regiment to follow as fast as they could mount, without beating a drum or making any noise. He attacked the enemy's advanced guard in the cursory manner of the light cavalry, and continued to do so while his men were joining him by tens and twenties, and the French cavalry were forming to resist an attack, till he collected the whole regiment, and then retired in good order, without the loss of a man.

The presence of mind which distinguished Sir William Erskine on this occasion, was still more strikingly shown in another instance. After a repulse, and a hard march of seventy-two miles in one day, when the men were fatigued, and scarcely a horse able to trot, he came unexpectedly in sight of a French regiment, drawn up with a morass in their rear. Sir William left his own corps, and advancing to the French, desired to speak with the commanding officer, whom he entreated to surrender, to prevent their being cut to pieces by a large body of cavalry that were advancing. The French commander requested leave to consult with his officers; on doing which, they refused to surrender; but upon Sir William telling them, in an animated and confident tone, that their blood must be on their own heads, and turning to move off to his own corps, they called to him, and laying down their arms, surrendered to his harassed troops.

DASHING EXPLOIT.

In the campaign of 1761, when the French army under the command of Marshal Broglie, and the Prince of Soubise, were retiring towards Hoxter, where they passed the Weisser, Prince Ferdinand followed close after them for several days; and on the evening before they gained the pass over the river, one of Prince Ferdinand's aides-de-camp desired the grenadiers and highlanders who were in front to push on, and take some of the enemy's baggage, which was but a little way before them, and weakly guarded.

They immediately formed, and hastily marched over a plain with a thick wood in front, which they were told was clear, and had got within four hundred paces of the enemy's baggage, when several squadrons of French dragoons rushed suddenly out upon them from the skirts of the wood on both flanks, and began to hew them down without mercy. At this critical moment Cornet Nangle, with an advanced party of twenty horsemen, coming up the hill, got sight of the attack, and instantly rushing on, charged the French cavalry, regardless of their superior numbers. Startled at the briskness of an attack which they were little expecting, the French immediately retired back, when the rest of Nangle's regiment getting in view, came on, and joining in the attack, drove them off with considerable loss. The gallant intrepidity of this young officer with his twenty men, was the salvation of the grenadiers and highlanders, great numbers of whom must have been otherwise cut to pieces.

SIR JAMES WALLACE.

In 1780, Sir James Wallace in the *Experiment* of fifty guns, conducted a predatory warfare on the French coast. Having driven several large frigates into the Bay of Concalles in Normandy, until they had run close under cover of a battery, and his pilots not venturing to take further charge of his ship, he immediately took the risk and management upon himself, boldly passed up the bay, and laid her ashore abreast of the battery. In that situation he engaged until he silenced the battery, and compelled the French crews to abandon their ships, which were immediately boarded and

brought away. Two other frigates, an armed cutter, and a number of small craft, were set on fire, or otherwise destroyed.

FAIR PLAY.

In the attack on the strong fortress of St. Fernando de Omaso, in the year 1780, an English sailor who had scrambled singly over the wall, had for the better annoyance of the enemy on all sides, armed himself with a cutlass in each hand. Thus equipped, he fell in with a Spanish officer just roused from sleep, and who in the hurry and confusion had forgotten his sword. This circumstance restrained the fury of the British tar, who disdaining to attack an unarmed foe, but unwilling to relinquish so happy an opportunity of displaying his courage in single combat, presented one of the cutlasses to him, saying, "I scorn any advantage; you are now upon an equal footing with me." The astonishment of the officer at such an act of generosity and the facility with which a friendly parley took place, when he expected nothing else from the uncouth and hostile appearance of his foe, than being cut into pieces instantly, and without mercy, could only be rivalled by the admiration which his relation of the story excited in his countymen.

IRISH CORPORAL.

A corporal of the 17th Dragoons named O'Lavery, serving under Lord Rawdon in South Carolina during the American war, being appointed to escort an important despatch through a country possessed by the

enemy, was a short time after their departure wounded in the side by a shot, which laid his companion dead at his feet. Insensible to every thing but duty, he seized the despatch, and continued his route till he sunk from the loss of blood. Unable to proceed farther, and yet anxious for his charge, to which he knew death would be no security against the enemy, he then

“ Within his wound the fatal paper plac’d
Which prov’d his death, nor by that death disgrac’d.
A smile benignant on his count’nance shone,
Pleas’d that his secret had remain’d unknown ;
So was he found.”

A British patrol discovered him on the following day, before life was quite extinct ; he pointed out to his comrade the dreadful depository he had chosen, and then satisfactorily breathed his last. “The Earl of Moira has erected a monument to the hero in the church of his native parish.

FIGHTING QUAKER.

In the late American war, a New York trader was chased by a small French privateer, and having four guns with plenty of small arms, it was agreed to stand a brush with the enemy rather than be taken prisoners. Among several other passengers was an athletic quaker, who though he withstood every solicitation to lend a hand, as being contrary to his religious tenets, kept walking backwards and forwards on the deck, without any apparent fear, the enemy all the time pouring in their shot. At length the vessels having approached close to each other, a disposition to board was mani-

fested by the French, which was very soon put in execution ; and the quaker being on the look out, unexpectedly sprang towards the first man that jumped on board, and grappling him forcibly by the collar, coolly said, "Friend, thou hast no business here," at the same time hoisting him over the ship's side.

SIR JOHN MOORE.

Colonel, afterwards Sir John Moore, had the command of the party, which stormed and carried Fort Mozello, the principal outlet to the city of Calvi in the island of Corsica. Day break was the time chosen for the assault; and that no alarm might be given to the garrison, the soldiers were ordered not to load, as it was resolved to attempt it by the point of the bayonet. Colonel Moore, with a chosen body of troops, had proceeded about half way, when the enemy, whose attention had been diverted by a false attack, at last perceived their danger, flew to arms, and discharged a volley of grape shot, which however did little execution. Colonel Moore continued to press forward at the head of his men, leaving behind the wounded and dying, and was entering the walls, when a bomb-shell bursting struck him to the ground. Fortunately, however, he instantly recovered himself; and notwithstanding the great effusion of blood, he pressed on, and after a most obstinate and sanguinary conflict, the enemy was compelled to surrender. Nothing but the most consummate skill and determined bravery could have stormed a fortress garrisoned by some of the best troops of France, commanded by an old experienced general, and furnished with every necessary for

a vigorous resistance. When General Stewart, the commander in chief, who was a witness of the attack, perceived the grenadiers ascending, he rode up to the fort, and quitting his horse, mounted the breach. Finding the troops in possession of the place, he flew into the arms of Colonel Moore. The surrounding soldiers shouted, and threw their hats into the air for joy.

DEFENCE OF THE TYROL.

After the battle of Aspern, Bonaparte detached a force of nearly 40,000 men, under the command of General Lefebvre, to subjugate the Tyrolese, who headed by the brave and enterprising Andrew Hofer, had opposed a desperate resistance to all their attacks. The account of this expedition, as related by a Saxon major, who escaped from the destruction of those terrible days, presents one of the most striking instances of national and individual heroism that history records.

“We had penetrated to Inspruck,” says the officer, “without great resistance. Our entrance into the passes of the Brenner was only opposed by a small corps, which continued falling back, after an obstinate though short resistance. Among others, I perceived a man full eighty years old, posted against the side of a rock, and sending death amongst our ranks at every shot. Upon the Bavarians descending from behind to make him prisoner, he shouted, Hurrah! struck the first man to the ground with a ball, seized hold of the second, and with the ejaculation, *in God's name!* precipitated himself with him into the abyss below.

“Marching onward, we heard resound from the

summit of a high rock, *Stephen, shall I chop it off yet!* to which a loud *nay* reverberated from the opposite. This was told to the Duke of Dantzic, who notwithstanding ordered us to advance; at the same time he prudently withdrew from the centre to the rear. The van, consisting of four thousand Bavarians, had just stormed a deep ravine, when we again heard halloed over our heads, *Hans!* for the *most Holy Trinity!* Our terror was completed by the reply that immediately followed, *In the name of the Holy Trinity, cut all loose below!* and ere a minute was elapsed, thousands of my comrades in arms were crushed, buried, and overwhelmed, by an incredible heap of broken rocks, stones, and trees, hurled down upon us. We were all petrified: every one fled that could, but a shower of balls from the Tyrolese, who now rushed from the surrounding mountains in immense numbers, and among them boys and girls of ten and twelve years of age, killed or wounded a great many of us. It was not till we had got these fatal mountains six leagues behind us, that we were re-assembled by the duke, and formed into six columns. Soon after the Tyrolese appeared, headed by Hofer, the innkeeper. After a short address from him, they gave a general fire, then flung their rifles aside, and rushed upon our bayonets. Nothing could withstand their impetuosity. They darted at our feet, threw or pulled us down, strangled us, wrenched the arms from our hands, and like enraged lions killed all, French, Bavarians, and Saxons, that did not cry for quarter. By doing so, I, with three hundred men, was spared and set at liberty.

“When all lay dead around, and the victory was completed, the Tyrolese, as if moved by one impulse,

fell upon their knees, and poured forth the emotions of their hearts in prayer, under the canopy of heaven ; a scene so awfully solemn, that it will ever be present to my remembrance. I joined in the devotion, and never in my life did I pray more fervently."

FRENCH GAIETY.

In the campaign of 1812, a distinguished general officer of the French army was severely wounded in the leg. The surgeons on consulting, declared that amputation was indispensable. The general received the intelligence with much composure. Among the persons who surrounded him, he observed his valet-de-chambre, who shewed by his profound grief the deep share which he took in the melancholy accident. "Why dost thou weep, Germain?" said his master smilingly to him. "It is a fortunate thing for thee, you will have only one boot to clean in future."

YOUNG CASABIANCA.

On the fatal explosion of the Orient at the battle of the Nile, the conduct and death of admiral Casabianca's son, a boy whose age did not exceed thirteen, were singularly remarkable. Stationed among the guns, he encouraged the gunners and sailors ; and when the firing happened to be impeded in the heart of the action, through excess of zeal and agitation, he restored order and tranquillity by a coolness which was quite astonishing for his age ; he made the gunners and sailors sensible of their inadvertencies, and took care

that each gun was served with cartridges suited to its calibre.

He did not know that his father had been mortally wounded ; and when the fire broke out on board the *Orient*, and the guns were abandoned, this courageous child remained by himself, and called loudly on his father to tell him, if he could quit his post like the rest without dishonour. The fire was making dreadful ravages, yet he still waited for his father's answer ; but in vain ! At length an old sailor informed him of the misfortune of *Casabianca*, and told him that he was ordered to save his son's life by surrendering. He refused, and ran to the gun-room. When he perceived his father, he threw himself upon him, held him in his close embrace, and declared that he would never quit him. In vain his father entreated him and threatened him ; in vain the old sailor, who felt an attachment to his captain wished to render him this last service. " I must die, I will die with my father !" answered the generous child. " There is but a moment remaining," observed the sailor ; " I shall have a great difficulty in saving myself ; adieu." The flame reaching the powder, the vessel blew up, with the young *Casabianca*, who in vain covered with his body the mutilated remains of his father. Such is what the old sailor related to General Kleber and Louis Bonaparte, on landing at Alexandria.

PATRIOTIC FANATICISM.

Fatigued and exhausted by forced marches, a regiment of the infantry of the guard of Jerome, the ex-king of Westphalia, arrived before the monastery of

Figueiras at Spain. The colonel of the regiment, a Frenchman, sent in an officer, to demand of the prior the necessary refreshment for the men, as well as for the staff, consisting of about twenty officers. The prior, with some of the monks, came out to meet the general, assured him that the inhabitants of Figueiras would provide for the soldiers, but that he himself would prepare a frugal meal for the staff. The prior's offer was accepted; Captain Korff received from the general some commissions for the regiment, and about an hour afterwards it was announced to the prior, that the dinner was served up in the refectory of the monastery. The general, who was aware that the French in Spain had reason to be on their guard in eating and drinking what was offered by the natives, invited the prior to dine with them: he and two other monks accepted the invitation in such a manner, as to leave no doubt that he felt himself much flattered by it. After the officers had taken their seats, the prior said grace, carved, eat of every dish first, and with his two brethren, who poured out the wine, drank plentifully with his guests. The general expressed his satisfaction to the prior, whose kind reception had surpassed all expectation. Suddenly, however, the cheerfulness of the prior was changed into profound seriousness; he rose from his seat, thanked the company for the honour they had done him, and concluded by asking if any of them had affairs to settle in this world? adding with emphasis, "This, gentlemen, is the last meal you and I shall take on earth: in an hour we shall all be before the Judgment Seat of God!" Cold and trembling horror seized the amazed guests; for the prior and his two monks had

poisoned the wine in which they had pledged the French officers. All the antidotes given by the French physician were in vain : in less than an hour every man of them had ceased to live.

AUGUSTINA SARRAGOSSA.

At the siege of Sarragossa in the year 1809, Augustina Sarragossa, about twenty-two years of age, a handsome woman, of the lower class of people, whilst carrying refreshments to the gates, arrived at the battery of the Portillo, at the very moment when the French fire had absolutely destroyed every person that was stationed in it. The citizens and soldiers for the moment hesitated to reman the guns ; Augustina rushed forward over the wounded and the slain, snatched a match from the hand of a dead artilleryman, and fired off a twenty-six pounder ; then jumping upon the gun, made a solemn vow never to quit it alive during the siege ; and having stimulated her fellow citizens, by this daring intrepidity, to fresh exertions, they instantly rushed into the battery, and again opened a tremendous fire on the enemy.

For her heroism on this occasion, she afterwards received the surname of "Sarragossa," a pension from the government, and the daily pay of an artilleryman.

FATHER SASS.

Another extraordinary character, unexpectedly developed during the siege of Sarragossa, was Father St. Jago Sass, curate of one of the parishes. In every part of the town where the danger was most immi-

ment, and the enemy most numerous, there was Father Sass to be found. As General Palafox made his rounds through the city, he often beheld Sass alternately playing the part of a priest and a soldier ; sometimes administering the sacrament to the dying, and at others, fighting in the most determined manner against the enemies of his country ; from his energy of character and uncommon bravery, the commander-in-chief reposed the utmost confidence in him during the siege : wherever any thing difficult or hazardous was to be done, Sass was selected for its execution ; and the introduction of a supply of powder, so essentially necessary to the defence of the town, was effected in the most complete manner by this clergyman, at the head of forty of the bravest men in Sarragossa. He was found so serviceable in inspiring the people with religious sentiments, and in leading them on to danger, that the general placed him in a situation where both his piety and courage might continue to be as useful as before. He made him both captain in the army, and chaplain to the commander-in-chief.

COUNTESS BURITA.

During the same siege, the Countess of Burita formed a corps of women for the relief of the wounded, and for the purpose of carrying provisions and wine to the soldiers. Many persons of the most unquestionable veracity in Sarragossa declare, that they have frequently seen this young, delicate, and beautiful woman coolly attending to the duties she had prescribed to herself in the midst of the most tremendous fire of shot

and shells ; nor were they even able to perceive, from the first moment that she entered into these novel scenes, that the idea of personal danger could produce upon her the slightest effect, or bend her from her benevolent and patriotic purpose.

HONOURABLE EMULATION.

When the Portugeze were overrunning and subduing the New World with astonishing rapidity, a large army of Indians besieged them in a citadel of which they had gained possession in 1546. The Portuguese defended themselves with a courage which scarcely appeared human. Their impetuosity and ardour were carried so far, that a soldier in the heat of the action tore out several of his teeth, and put them in an arquebuse instead of balls, of which he was in want.

This siege exhibited a singular example of emulation. Two young gentlemen, Juan Manoel and Juan Faucon, had gone out to fight a duel, but learning that the order was given to drive the besiegers from their entrenchment, they changed instantly the object of their challenge to the glorious contention of who should appear first on the enemy's entrenchments. Manoel reached them the first, and was on the point of mounting, when a blow from a sabre cut off his right hand, so that it fell upon the wall ; another blow equally disabled his left hand, and as he was still endeavouring to mount, and supporting himself on his two wrists, a third blow nearly struck off his head. Faucon, his rival, who mounted at the same time, shared a similar fate.

A RAGGED REGIMENT,

In 1690, the French attacked and defeated the Prince of Waldeck at Fleurus. During this action, a lieutenant-colonel of a French regiment, whose name well merited preservation, was on the point of charging. Not knowing how to animate his men, who were very discontented with having commenced the campaign without being clothed, he said to them, "My friends, I congratulate you, that you have the good fortune to be in presence of a regiment newly clothed. Charge them vigorously, and we will clothe ourselves." This pleasantry so inspirited the soldiers, that they rushed on the regiment, destroyed it, and completely dressed themselves on the field of battle.

COUNT SCHULEMBOURG.

The Turks, masters of the Morea, in 1716, attacked the Isle of Corfu, at that time in possession of the Venetians. The Comte de Schulembourg, after having exhausted all the expedients for defending the capitol that valour and experience could suggest, found himself driven to the last extremity by the loss of his outworks, which the enemy had carried with extraordinary vigour. In a state apparently so hopeless, this brave and active officer thought to regain possession of what he had so recently lost. His reflections presented to him but one means of accomplishing it, that of scaling the most considerable work on which the safety of the place depended, before the besiegers were able to establish themselves in it. He

prepared the ladders without delay ; and putting himself at the head of the most determined soldiers, marched onward, scaled the works, and rendered himself master of the place.

ADMIRAL KING.

In the engagement between Sir Edward Hughes and M. de Suffrein in 1781, the Exeter was almost reduced to a complete wreck, having at times from three to five ships upon her. Commodore King, who commanded her, displayed the most unshaken fortitude and presence of mind. Towards the close of the action, as two of the enemy's ships were bearing down to attack the Exeter, already a wreck, the master asked the commodore what he should do with the ship ? To which he bravely replied, " There is nothing to be done but to fight her till she sinks."

LORD HOWE.

Admiral Lord Howe, when a captain, was once hastily awakened in the middle of the night by the lieutenant of the watch, who informed him with great agitation, that the ship was on fire near the magazine. " If that be the case," said he, rising leisurely to put on his clothes, " we shall soon know it." The lieutenant flew back to the scene of danger, and almost instantly returning, exclaimed, " You need not, sir, be afraid, the fire is extinguished." " Afraid !" exclaimed Howe, " what do you mean by that, sir ? I never was afraid in my life ;" and looking the lieutenant full in the face, he added, " Pray how does a

man feel, sir, when he is afraid? I need not ask how he looks."

THE FIRST OF JUNE.

In Earl Howe's engagement with the French fleet, on the 1st of June, 1794, the Marlborough by intrepidly breaking the enemy's line, became totally dismasted, and in that situation dropped with her stern on the bows of a French eighty-four, whose bowsprit came over the Marlborough's poop. The Frenchmen were preparing to board, though with evident reluctance, when an English sailor of the name of Appleford, to be beforehand with them, mounted their bowsprit, and with his cutlass boldly leaped upon their forecastle, which he not only took possession of, but forced his adversaries to fly for safety into the waist of the ship; a French officer observing the uncommon behaviour of the British tar, rushed from the quarter-deck, to reproach so many of his men for running away from one; and to convince them of his own honour, instantly commenced an attack upon Appleford, who however was fortunate enough to conquer him. His situation by this time becoming extremely dangerous, he thought it best to effect his retreat, as he was not at that time assisted on the spot by any of his countrymen; with this intention he again mounted the bowsprit, and by courageously springing from it, reached the poop-deck of his own ship at the moment when the vessels were drifting from each other.

During the confusion of the battle, the Marlborough was taken by several English ships for a Frenchman, more particularly so, as the whole of her colours had been shot away, but one white ensign which was then

hoisted. This circumstance occasioned much destruction from the fire of those ships which fell into the mistake. At length the solitary ensign was also shot away ; and by this circumstance, the honour of Old England for a moment appeared to suffer. From the impossibility of replacing the colours, it seemed as if the ship had struck to the French, an idea which operated so strongly on the mind of Appleford, that he loudly exclaimed, "The English colours shall never be dous'd where I am !" Then casting his eyes round the deck, he perceived the dead body of a marine, who had been shot through the head ; he instantly stripped off his red coat, stuck it on a boarding pike, and exalted it in the air, swearing that the Englishmen would not desert their colours, and that when all the red coats were gone, they would hoist blue jackets. The singularity of such conduct infused fresh spirit into the hardy sons of Neptune, and they bravely fought till the glorious moment when the terrific struggle ended in victory.

FORTUNATE TEMERITY.

The Portugeze being besieged by a body of Indians in Brazil, one of them of the name of Rodriguez took a barrel of gunpowder in his arms, and called out to his companions, "Stand out of the way. I carry my own death, and that of others." He then threw it in the middle of his enemies with a match so lighted, as to explode the moment he threw it down. It burst immediately, and blew to atoms more than a hundred Indians. It is most surprising, that Rodriguez escaped unhurt, and continued to distinguish himself by similar actions of valour.

LADIES OF BEAUVAIS.

Charles le Temeraire, Duke of Burgundy, laid siege to the City of Beauvais in the year 1472. After investing it closely for twenty-one days, his troops made a general assault, and were on the point of carrying the place, when a band of women, headed by a lady of the name of Jeanne Hachette, rushing to the walls, opposed such a resistance with showers of stones and other missiles, that the tide of fortune was instantaneously turned. A Burgundian officer, who attempted to plant the duke's standard on the wall, was fiercely attacked by Jeanne Hachette, who, snatching the standard from his hands, threw him headlong over the wall. The assailants, in short, were completely repulsed ; nor was the distaff, once thrown aside, resumed till the ladies of Beauvais had forced the Duke of Burgundy to retire in shame from their walls.

In memory of this gallant achievement, the Municipality of Beauvais ordered a general procession of the inhabitants to take place every year, on the 10th of July, the day on which the siege was raised, in which the ladies were to have the privilege of preceding the men. As long as Jeanne Hachette lived, she marched in this annual procession at the head of the women, bearing the standard which she had captured from the Burgundian officer ; and at her death this standard was deposited in the church of the Dominicans, and a portrait of the heroine placed in the Town Hall of Beauvais.

MILITARY DEVOTION.

In 1760, the Prince of Brunswick, Commander in Chief of the Hanoverian army, had made every disposition to surprise, by night, the French army. Louis d'Assas, captain in the regiment of Auvergne, was posted with his regiment near the wood of Klostercamp, in the Department of Roer; and wishing to assure himself of the position of the enemy, he went alone to explore the wood. He had not advanced many steps when he was surrounded by a troop of the enemy, who, pointing their bayonets at him, threatened to kill him on the spot if he uttered a word. D'Assas, superior to all personal considerations when duty called, cried out with all his might, "*A moi d'Auvergne!*" The enemy are at hand. He was on the instant bayoneted to death; but his last words by giving the alarm, saved the army.

An instance of similar devotion occurred at the siege of Dantzic, in 1807. One Fortunas, a private in the 12th French light infantry, happened to stray in the dark into the midst of a column of Russians, who cried out to an advancing body of French, "Do not fire; we are Frenchmen!" Although threatened with instant death if he spoke, he boldly called out, "Fire, fire, my captain; they are not French, but Russians!"

RUSSIANS CROSSING THE ALPS.

In the campaign of 1799, Suwaroff having passed St. Gothard with the Russian army, found himself environed by difficulties of the most appalling description. His soldiers, worn out with cold and fatigue, found new enemies to contend with in every direction. The cossacks were compelled to dismount, as their horses became useless, or falling over precipices, were lost in the snow; and the horrors of their situation were powerfully increased by the absence of all intelligence of what was passing elsewhere.

Suwaroff then attempted to push forward into the valley of the Reuss, and arrived at what is called the Urnerloch, a dark cavern, eighty yards long, through which it was necessary for his troops to defile, in order to reach the Devil's Bridge, by a steep declivity. This bridge connects by a single arch the rocks which run along the two sides of the valley, and over it the way leads to the left bank of the Reuss. The arch was sprung; and the French posted on the opposite mountain, by a continued fire, rendered its repair impossible, and commanded not only the outlet, but also the entrance of the Urnerloch. The first Russian battalion gallantly advanced to the cavern, and were completely swept away. The rest of the column followed, and as the shot of the enemy poured in thick upon them, all were hurried pell mell into this natural vault. The foremost were thrust forward by those in the rear, and thus became exposed to the murderous fire kept up from

the other side, or fell over the rocks into the abyss beneath. At last Suwaroff resolved to do what a general, less regardless of his soldiers' lives, would have done at first; namely, to turn the enemy's flank by a circuitous rout, an attempt which seldom fails among mountains, as the adversary rarely has sufficient time, or advantages of ground, to guard himself against it. A ford above the bridge was accordingly tried by the Russians; they threw themselves breast high into the impetuous stream, gained the heights on the opposite side, and drove the French from their positions. The Devil's Bridge was repaired by trunks of trees and planks, and Suwaroff reached Wasen in the evening of the same day.

GENERAL DESAIX.

At the battle of Marengo, General Desaix was struck by a ball, at the first charge of his division, and died almost instantly. He had only time to say to the young Le Brun, his aide-de-camp, "Go, and tell the first consul, that my only regret in dying is, that I have done nothing for posterity." Thus modest to the last, was one of the bravest and best of men the French revolution has produced. The Austrians were wont to call him the *brave, the indefatigable general*. The Germans, over whom it was his frequent lot to exercise the rights of conquest, revered him as *the good Desaix*; and the ferocious Arabs, subjugated not more by his valour than by his wisdom, decreed him the sublime title of the *Just Sultan*.

The day before the battle in which his race of

glory was thus so early terminated, he observed, somewhat prophetically, to one of his aides-de-camp, "It is a long time since I fought in Europe. The bullets won't know me again; something will happen."

When the tidings of his death were brought to the first consul, in the midst of the hottest of the engagement, he was much affected; and it was one of his earliest commands after the victory, that a splendid monument should be erected to the fallen hero, on the top of Mont St. Bernard.

GENERAL VALHUBERT.

At the battle of Austerlitz, it was the French order of the day not to weaken the ranks, in order to give assistance to the wounded. General Valhubert was among those who fell, severely wounded by a cannon shot in the thigh. His soldiers stopped to raise him up. The gallant general waved to them to begone, exclaiming, "Remember the order of the day; you can pick me up after the victory!" He was afterwards removed, and met death with the most heroic tranquillity. "In an hour," he wrote to the emperor, "I shall be no more. I do not regret life, since I have participated in a victory which will ensure you a happy reign. When you think of the brave, who were devoted to your service, remember me."

SCOTCH PIRATE.

A Scotch corsair, of the name of Le Breton, having been attacked by some English vessels in 1512, defended himself with extraordinary courage ; but being at last mortally wounded, and no longer able to contend with the enemy, he bid one of his men bring him his hautboy, or flute, on which he played for their encouragement, as long as his breath would permit him.

AN INCIDENT AT BAROSSA.

At the battle of Barossa, the first battalion of the 87th regiment was engaged with the 8th Imperial ; and after a severe contest, drove it back at the point of the bayonet. During the engagement, a young ensign of the 87th perceiving the Imperial eagle, cried aloud to the sergeant, " Do you see that, Masterman ? " He then rushed forward to seize it, but was shot in the attempt ; the sergeant instantly revenged his death, ran his antagonist through the body, cut down the standard-bearer, and took the eagle ; which was subsequently brought to England, and deposited with others in the chapel of Whitehall.

The gallant Masterman was afterwards rewarded for his brave achievement, by a commission in the second battalion of his regiment. On once hearing the action singularly commended by a gentleman, who was not aware that he was addressing one so nearly interested in the eulogium, he replied with

great modesty, "The sergeant merely did his duty; and only accomplished what hundreds of his comrades would have done had they possessed an equal opportunity; it was the fortune of war; the sergeant fortunately succeeded in the attempt, which had cost the poor ensign his life."

AN INVINCIBLE.

In a sortie made from Dunkirk in 1793, a severe contest was maintained for some time with a part of the army under his Royal Highness the Duke of York. Towards the close of the action, and during the retreat of the French, an officer of cavalry belonging to the garrison, perceived a national standard lying on the ground, either dropped in the flight, or fallen from the hands of an ensign who had been killed or wounded. Though he was himself, at the same time, most closely pressed by a detachment, after having twice valiantly cut his way through bodies of Hanoverian infantry, he leaped from his horse, and seizing the standard, remounted. Scarcely, however, had he seated himself, when his pursuers came up, and a grenadier of the British cavalry demanded him as his prisoner, with the surrender of his flag. The French officer replied, that he was determined to carry it to the fortress, or perish in the attempt. He fought bravely in defence of his charge; and when, at last, fortune had given the advantage to his adversary, he persisted in declaring that he would neither be made prisoner, nor give up the colours; that he knew how to die, but not to dishonour himself or the nation. He continued to

fight most gallantly until he was shot through the head, and the standard fell into the possession of the English.

MAGNANIMOUS PEASANT.

A great inundation having taken place in the north of Italy, owing to an excessive fall of snow in the Alps, followed by a speedy thaw, the river Adige carried off a bridge near Verona, except the middle part, on which was the house of the toll-gatherer, who thus, with his whole family, remained imprisoned by the waves, and in momentary danger of destruction. They were discovered from the bank stretching forth their hands, screaming, and imploring succour, while fragments of the only remaining arch were continually dropping into the water.

In this extreme danger, a nobleman who was present, a Count of Pulverini, held out a purse of one hundred sequins, as a reward to any adventurer who would take a boat and deliver this unhappy family. But the danger was so great of being borne down by the rapidity of the current; of being dashed against a fragment of the bridge, or of being crushed by the falling stones, that no one in the vast number of spectators had courage enough to attempt such an exploit.

A peasant passing along was informed of the circumstance, and of the promised reward. Immediately jumping into a boat, he by strength of oars gained the middle of the river, brought his boat under the pile; and the whole family safely descended

by means of a rope. "Courage," said he, "now you are safe." By a still more strenuous effort, and great strength of arm, he brought the boat and family to shore. "Brave fellow!" exclaimed the count, handing the purse to him, "here is your recompense." "I shall never expose my life for money," answered the peasant, "my labour is a sufficient livelihood for myself, my wife, and children. Give the purse to this poor family, who have lost all."

COLLAPISSA INDIANS.

M. Bossu, an officer of distinction, who held a considerable command at New Orleans in the middle of the last century, relates the following striking instance of patriotism and heroism in his *Nouveaux Voyages aux Indes Occidentales*:

"The tragical death of an Indian of the Collapissa nation," says he, "who sacrificed himself for his country and son, I have often admired as displaying the greatest heroism, and placing human nature in the noblest point of view. A Chactaw Indian having one day expressed himself in the most reproachful terms of the French, and called the Collapissas their dogs and their slaves; one of this nation, exasperated at his injurious expressions, laid him dead on the spot. The Chactaws, the most numerous and the most warlike tribe on that continent, immediately flew to arms; they sent deputies to New Orleans, to demand from the French governor the head of the savage who had fled to him for protection: the governor offered presents as an atonement, but they were rejected with disdain: they

threatened to exterminate the whole tribe of the Collapissas. To pacify this fierce nation, and prevent the effusion of blood, it was at length found necessary to deliver up the unhappy Indian. The Sieur Ferrand, commander of the German posts on the right of the Mississippi, was charged with this melancholy commission ; a rendezvous was in consequence appointed between the settlement of the Collapissas and the German posts, where the mournful ceremony was conducted in the following manner :

“ The Indian victim, whose name was Tichou Mingo (i. e. servant to the cacique or prince) was produced. He rose up, and, agreeable to the custom of these people, harangued the assembly to the following purpose : ‘ I am a true man ; that is to say, I fear not death ; but I lament the fate of my wife and four infant children, whom I leave behind in a very tender age ; I lament too my father and my mother, whom I have long maintained by hunting ; them, however, I recommend to the French, since, on their account, I now fall a sacrifice.’

“ Scarce had he finished this short and pathetic harangue, when the old father, struck with the filial affection of the son, arose, and thus addressed himself to his audience : ‘ My son is doomed to death ; but he is young and vigorous, and more capable than me to support his mother, his wife, and four infant children ; it is necessary then that he remain upon earth to protect and provide for them : as for me, who draw towards the end of my career, I have lived long enough ; may my son attain to my age, that he may bring up his tender infants ; I am no longer good for anything ; a few years more or less, are to

me of small moment: I have lived as a man; I will die as a man. I therefore take the place of my son.'

"At these words, which expressed his paternal love and greatness of soul in the most touching manner, his wife, his son, his daughter-in-law, and the little infants, melted into tears around this brave, this generous old man; he embraced them for the last time, exhorted them to be ever faithful to the French, and to die rather than betray them by any mean treachery unworthy of his blood. 'My death,' concluded he, 'I consider as necessary for the safety of my nation, and I glory in the sacrifice.' Having thus delivered himself, he presented his head to the kinsmen of the deceased Chactaw: they accepted it; he then extended himself over the trunk of a tree, when, with a hatchet, they severed his head from his body.

"By this sacrifice all animosities were forgotten; but one part of the ceremony remained still to be performed. The young Indian was obliged to deliver to the Chactaws the head of his father: in taking it up, he addressed to it these few words: 'Pardon me your death, and remember me in the world of spirits.' The French who assisted at this tragedy could not restrain their tears, whilst they admired the heroic constancy of this venerable old man, whose resolution bore a resemblance to that of the celebrated Roman orator, who, in the time of the triumvirate, was concealed by his son. The young man was most cruelly tortured, in order to force him to discover his father, who not being able to endure the idea, that a son so virtuous and so generous should thus suffer on his

account, went and presented himself to the murderers, and begged them to kill him, and save his son; the son conjured them to take his life, and spare the age of his father; but the soldiers, more barbarous than savages, butchered them both on the spot."

EXTRAORDINARY PRESERVATION.

On Sunday, the 13th of February, 1819, a Mr. Budlong, his wife, child, sister, and brother-in-law, were returning in a sleigh on the ice from a visit to a friend living near the Chippewa Bay, on the St. Lawrence river. They had experienced some difficulty in getting on to the ice from the shore; and Mr. B. having wetted his feet, seated himself in the sleigh for the purpose of taking off his stockings, giving up the reins to his brother, who, from inattention, or ignorance of the road, drove on to a place on the ice where there had recently been an air-hole, and which was not yet frozen sufficiently strong to bear; the ice broke under them, and the sleigh upset and sunk, with the two women and child. Mr. B. sprung from the sleigh while sinking, exclaiming, "We are all lost!" and fortunately reached the firm ice: the young man who was driving was unable to swim, but struggled until he was reached and drawn out of the water by Mr. B. who retained his hold upon the solid ice. This was no sooner accomplished, than Mr. B. throwing off his coat and hat, declared that he would save the others or perish in the attempt; and accordingly plunged into the water in search of those most dear to him. The first that he found was the child, which grasping, he rose to the surface, and brought it within reach of

his brother ; then drawing himself again on to the firm ice, he plunged again to the bottom, and finding his wife, rose a second time with her in his arms, but apparently lifeless, leaving her in the care of his brother, who was calling aloud for assistance from the shore. After taking breath for a moment, he a third time plunged into the water in search of his sister, whom, after groping on the bottom, he found : but in rising again to the surface, he struck his heel against the ice. Sensible of the extreme peril of his situation, and that the current had carried him below the aperture, with a degree of presence of mind seldom equalled, straining every nerve, he redoubled his exertions, and was so fortunate as to again reach the opening, bringing with him the insensible and apparently lifeless body of his sister : both were drawn from the water by the assistance of some persons who had arrived from the shore, alarmed by the cries of his brother. They were all carried to a neighbouring house, where the women and child were with some difficulty resuscitated. Upon measuring the depth of the water where the sleigh had broken through the ice, it was found to be fourteen feet.

SINGULAR CAPTURE.

English history does not record a more daring action than that of Edward Stanley, an English officer, at the attack on one of the forts of Zutphen in the low countries, in the year 1586. Three hundred Spaniards defended this fort, and when Stanley approached it, one of them thrust a pike at him to kill him ; he seized hold of it with both his hands, and held it with such force,

that the Spaniards unable to wrest it from him, drew him up into the fort. He instantly drew his sword, and dispersed all that were present. This so astonished the garrison, that it gave Stanley's followers time to storm the fort, and establish themselves in their conquest.

VICE ADMIRAL DE VIC.

Dominique de Vic, governor of Amiens and Calais, and Vice-Admiral of France, lost the calf of his right leg by a gun-shot wound in the year 1586, and though the part was well cured, yet he could not attempt to ride on horseback without experiencing the most excruciating pain. In consequence of this, he retired from public life and settled at Guyenne. He had lived there about three years, when he was informed of the death of Henry the Third, and the embarrassments of Henry the Fourth, and the great need in which he stood of all his good servants. He directly had his wounded leg amputated, sold part of his estates, entered into the king's service once more, and rendered him the most signal service at the battle of Ivry.

Two days after Henry the Fourth was assassinated, De Vic going through the Rue de la Ferronnerie, and seeing the spot on which this horrid murder was committed, fell senseless to the ground, and died next morning,

CONSTANCE DE CEZELLI.

During the troubles of the League in 1590, Barri de Saint Aunez, governor of Leucate for Henry IV. left the garrison to communicate a project to the Duc de Montmorenci, who commanded in Languedoc.

He was taken prisoner on the road by the Leaguers, who immediately marched with the Spaniards towards Leucate. They pressed the governor to deliver up the place. They threatened, at the same time, to kill him, if he did not persuade Constance de Cezelli, his wife, who had put herself at the head of the garrison, to open the gates. He was immoveable. Constance, informed of the danger of her husband, replied, "that if the Leaguers would do an act of injustice, she could not restrain them, but that she would never purchase the life of her husband, by giving up a fortress for the preservation of which he would glory to die." The besiegers made several other attempts to persuade her, which were ineffectual. Irritated at this courageous resistance, which a generous enemy would have admired, they put in execution their cruel threat, and then raised the siege. The garrison wished to retaliate on the Seigneur de Loupain, who was of the party of the League, and who had been made prisoner; but our heroine opposed it. Henry IV. who knew how to recompense great actions, sent her the brevet as governess of Lucate, with the reversion of it to her son.

MAYOR OF ROCHELLE.

When Rochelle was besieged by the royalist armies in 1627, the inhabitants elected for their Mayor, Captain, and Governor, Jean Guiton. This brave man at first modestly refused the office; but being pressed by all his fellow townsmen, he took up a poignard and said, "I shall be mayor since you wish it, but on the condition that I may be permitted to strike this poignard to the heart of the first who speaks of surrendering. I

consent that you shall do the same to me, if I mention capitulating; and I demand that this poignard lie always ready on the table, when we assemble in the Town House." Cardinal de Richelieu, who conducted the operations of the siege, had raised a mole before the gate of the city, which shut up the entrance, and prevented provisions from reaching it. Some one saying to Guiton, that many of the people had perished of hunger, and that death would soon sweep away all the inhabitants, "Well," said he coolly, "it will be sufficient if one remains to shut the gates."

SIEGE OF TREMBEWLA.

When the Turks, masters of Sbarras, besieged Trembewla in 1675, the nobles of the neighbourhood who had taken refuge in this fortress, seeing the pressing danger, and despairing of succour, proposed to the garrison to surrender the place. The wife of the governor, who without being perceived had heard the resolution that they were about to take, went immediately on the breach to inform her husband of what had passed. Chrasonowski flew instantly to this council of cowards. "It is doubtful," said he, "if thy enemy can take us; but it is certain that if you persist in your pitiful resolution, I will burn you alive in this very hall; the soldiers are at the doors--the match is lighted to execute my orders." This firmness had its effect on the most discouraged, and the defence of the place was continued. The Turks on their side redoubled their efforts. Repulsed four times in succession, they prepared to redeem their defeat by a more vigorous attack. Chrasonowski appeared

alarmed. His wife, who regarded this inquietude as a weakness, instantly seized on two poignards, one of which she presented to her husband. "If thou surrender thyself," said she to him boldly, "the one shall be against thee, and the other against myself." A moment after, the Polish army arrived, and obliged the Turks to raise the siege.

AGED INDIAN.

The French, in the year 1696, attacked the Iroquois Indians in Canada, whom they surprised and dispersed. An illustrious warrior of that nation, who was more than a hundred years old, disdaining to fly, or unable to do it, was taken prisoner, and abandoned to the savages attached to the French force, who following their barbarous customs, made him suffer the most horrible torments. The old man never suffered a sigh to escape him, but boldly reproached his countrymen with rendering themselves slaves to the Europeans, of whom he spoke with great contempt. These invectives aggravated one of the spectators, who gave him three or four blows with his sword to finish him. "Thou art wrong," said the prisoner coolly, "to shorten my life; thou wouldst have had more time to learn how to die like a man."

EMPEROR SIGISMUND.

Some noblemen of Hungary entered the chamber of Sigismund, Emperor of Germany, with an intention of assassinating him, or at least of taking him prisoner. The emperor advancing towards them with a look of

great dignity and intrepidity, exclaimed, "Is any one amongst you bold enough to attempt to lay his hands upon me? What have I done to deserve death? If you want to kill me, let any one of you approach me, and I will defend myself."

SURPRISE GALLANTLY MET.

General Visconti, who served in the army of the Imperialists in 1702, being detached with three regiments of horse to observe the enemy, encountered the Duke de Vendome, who with twenty squadrons of horse, and twenty-four companies of grenadiers, had undertaken to surprise him in person. The Imperialists were in so little expectation of an attack, that the greatest part of their horses were at grass. No sooner however did they discover the enemy, than they collected them together, and in a short time were mounted. Vendome advancing with his cavalry, took possession of a stone bridge on the Crostolo to cut off the retreat of the Imperialists, but so far were the latter from demanding quarter, that their officers cried out, "This, my boys, is the time to do your emperor service, and support the glory of Prince Eugene." It is impossible to describe the effect of this short speech upon the soldiers. General Visconti, with his three regiments, thrice defeated the twenty squadrons of the enemy, and one of them dismounting, dislodged them from the bridge, and took possession of it. The French grenadiers now arrived, and made such a terrible fire on the Imperialists that they were obliged to give way. They retired to a building on the side of the road, where they rallied and renewed the combat with double

fury. Their retreat being cut off, they were at last obliged to yield a dear-earned victory to the enemy. Visconti had three horses killed under him, and his men defended themselves with the most determined bravery. The Prince of Commerci, who was sick in bed at Guastalla, having heard of the engagement, hastened to it with such ardour, that he put his boots on without stockings ; but neither he nor the King of Spain, who was no less eager to be present, arrived till the action was over.

MARSHAL VILLARS.

Louis XIV. observed of Marshal Villars, that wherever danger was, he was sure to be present. Being pressed to wear a cuirass, during an action which was likely to prove very sanguinary, he refused, and exclaimed in the presence of the regiment, "I do not consider my existence to be more valuable than that of any of these brave men now standing before me." On another occasion, being exhorted to take care of a life so precious, he replied, "that a general ought to expose his own life, as much as he exposed the lives of others."

The marshal's confessor having told him on his death bed, that the Duke of Berwick had perished by a cannon ball while visiting the trenches ; he immediately exclaimed, "I always deemed him more fortunate than myself," and then immediately expired.

RUSSIAN DISCIPLINE.

In September, 1777, there happened at St. Petersburg a sudden inundation of a very considerable extent. The empress seeing from her balcony that the water came within reach of the sentinel placed before the palace, called out to him to retire within doors, which the soldier refused to do. The empress asked him if he knew her; the man replied in the affirmative, and that though he knew her majesty, no one but his corporal could relieve him. The waters increased, and reached the sentinel's knees. The empress sent several messages to him, but all to no purpose. It now became requisite to call the corporal, who was found asleep in the guard-house, and he was almost obliged to swim to relieve the honest private, who by that time had only his head and shoulders above water, and would composedly have suffered himself to be drowned, notwithstanding the formal and repeated orders of his sovereign.

FIRST GRENADIER OF THE FRENCH
ARMY.

Captain La Tour d'Auvergne made the campaign of Savoy in 1792, at the head of the grenadiers of the regiment of Augoumois; in the army of the Western Pyrenees, he commanded all the grenadier companies who formed the advanced guard of the army; and this column, surnamed the *Infernal*, had almost always achieved the victory ere the body of the army arrived on the field of battle.

The Directory, as a reward for d'Auvergne's signal services, sent him the appointment of colonel of a regiment; but this promotion he declined, rather than separate himself from his brave grenadiers, with whom he renewed a solemn compact to serve and die together.

When Bonaparte became first consul, he conferred upon the man whom no promotion could reward, the honorary title of "First Grenadier of the French Army." All France confirmed the flattering distinction; and d'Auvergne himself was not insensible to the noble pride which it was so well fitted to inspire.

After the cessation of hostilities, d'Auvergne retired to Passy. When the trumpet again sounded to arms, he generously quitted his retreat, to supply the place of a young conscript, the son of an intimate friend, M. Lebrigant, and entered as a private grenadier into those ranks where he had so many years figured as one of the most illustrious of captains.

On the 21st of June, 1800, d'Auvergne joined the army of the Danube. He was placed at the head of the grenadiers of the 46th demi-brigade, and fought with them at the affair of Oberhausen. Perceiving a hulan who carried a standard, he rushed forward to snatch it from him, but was at that instant attacked by another of the enemy, who coming upon him at a disadvantage, pierced him through the heart.

Thus fell amidst the battle strife, the pride of the French grenadiers. For three days the drums of all the grenadier companies were covered with crape. The 46th demi-brigade still carry the heart of the hero enclosed in a small leaden case, suspended to their colours; and at every appeal to the company of

grenadiers, his memory is recalled to them by these words : "*La Tour D' Auvergne* died on the field of honour."

BATTLE OF CAMPERDOWN.

Dr. Duncan, the chaplain to Lord Duncan, relates the following anecdote of Covey, a marine, who lost both his legs on board the Venerable, his lordship's flag ship at the battle of Camperdown : "You are not," says the doctor, "to imagine that I was circumscribed to the narrow bounds of my clerical office ; in the day of blood I was on triple duty ; alternately acting as a sailor, chaplain, and surgeon's assistant, when the battle might be truly said to bleed in every vein. I was now called to minister to the recoverable, now to the irrecoverable. A marine of the name of Covey was brought down to the surgery deprived of both his legs ; and it was necessary some hours after to amputate still higher. 'I suppose,' says Covey, 'those scissars will finish the business of the bullet, Master Mate ?' 'Indeed, my brave fellow,' cried the surgeon, 'there is some fear of it.' 'Well, never mind,' said Covey, 'I've lost my legs to be sure, and mayhap may lose my life ; but we beat the Dutch, my boy, we have beat the Dutch ; this blessed day my legs have been shot off, so I'll have another cheer for it---huzza ! huzza !'" Covey recovered, and was cook of one of the ships in ordinary at Portsmouth, where he died in 1805.

GENERAL DUMOURIER.

Dumourier, when a young man, served in the French army, under the command of Marquess de Castries, and was taken prisoner the evening before the battle of Closter Camp, about the year 1760. Being assailed by a score of the enemy's hussars, he defended himself with great bravery, and at the same time called on some of the French troopers who had just fled to come to his assistance. He disabled two of the hussars from continuing the combat; but his horse fell down dead under him; and to increase his misfortune, his left stirrup, which happened to be formed of untempered iron, was bent close to his foot by the weight of his charger. He disengaged his leg, but his foot was still fast; notwithstanding this, he sustained a combat for five minutes against his furious antagonists, until Baron de Behr came up, to whom he surrendered himself a prisoner.

PRINCE OF TALMONT.

The Prince of Talmont (of the house of Tremouille) being driven, after the general rout and dispersion of the Vendean forces, to wander about in the disguise of a peasant in the environs of Laval and Fougere, was at length taken up on suspicion, and conducted before General Beaufort. Disdaining further concealment, as soon as he was asked who he was, he threw off his peasant's bonnet, and undauntedly answered, "I am the Prince of Talmont; sixty-eight combats with the republicans have given me no reason to fear them." An officer

enquired what motive had induced him to embrace the cause of the king? "I am a prince," he indignantly replied, "the Lord of Laval and of Vitre; it was my duty to serve my king; and I will shew by my death that I was worthy of defending the throne." As he spoke he acted; for never was a cause honoured by a martyrdom more heroic than that of the Prince of Talmont.

FRENCH PILOT.

In the year 1793, a vessel was shipwrecked in sight of the French port of Saint Nazaire, in the department of La Loire Inferieure. It had struck on some concealed rocks at the distance of about a league and a half; a dreadful tempest raged at the time; and the crew and passengers, amounting in all to forty-one persons, saw no other prospect than that of perishing in the waves. A pilot of Nazaire, of the name of Matthew Christiern, who had already thrice distinguished himself on similar occasions, resolved once more to risk his life in the cause of humanity. Having prevailed on five other sailors to join him in the brave attempt, they left the shore together in a stout shallop, and after struggling for four hours against the winds and waves, they reached the wreck, and took on board thirty of the crew, being all that the boat could contain. Christiern as he shoved off from the wreck, called out to those who were necessarily left behind, "Have courage till the morning, when you will see me again!"

Christiern landed his precious cargo in safety, and immediately prepared for a second trip. By day

break he was again by the side of the wreck, and before the people of the village were awake, had landed the remainder of the unfortunate crew. Nor did the intrepidity of this brave man stop here. The captain of the shipwrecked vessel being heard to lament the loss of a casket which contained eighteen thousand franks, Christiern ascertained whereabouts it was deposited, and set off a third time for the wreck. After incredible exertions, he got possession of the casket, and returning to the shore, delivered it into the hands of its owner ; of the extent of whose gratitude we are sorry to find no record.

A SON'S DISGRACE NOBLY REPAIRED.

Jolibois, a veteran, having learnt that his son had deserted the first battalion of Paris, felt so indignant at this disgrace to his name, that he instantly resolved to go and supply the recreant's place. He joined the army just before the battle of Jemappe, in which he fought with great gallantry, exclaiming at every shot he fired, "O my son ! why should the painful remembrance of thy fault embitter moments so glorious?"

GENERAL CAMBRONNE.

In an engagement during the late war, a body of troops commanded by the French General Cambronne, after a brave but ineffectual resistance were routed, and himself with a few men left to oppose the efforts of a multitude. The allies justly respecting the courage of this officer, called on him to surrender, and thus preserve a life which could not be sacrificed with

advantage to the cause he defended. Notwithstanding the hopeless situation of his brave officer, he had been too long accustomed to victory to surrender tamely, even when further resistance was useless. Pointing with one hand to his dying comrades, and with the other placing his sword before him, he exclaimed: "*La garde meurt, mais elle ne se rend pas!*" "The guards know how to die, but they cannot surrender." The reply of the general was appreciated as it deserved, and he was saved by his generous foes almost in spite of himself.

THREE-FINGERED JACK.

The famous negro robber, *Three-fingered Jack*, was the terror of Jamaica in the years 1780 and 1781. He was an obi-man, and by his professed incantations was the dread of the negroes, and there were also many white people who believed he was possessed of some supernatural power. He had neither accomplices nor associates; he robbed alone; fought all his battles alone, and always either killed his pursuers, or retreated into difficult fastnesses where none dared to follow him. It was thus that he terrified the inhabitants, and set the civil power and the neighbouring militia at defiance for two years.

At length allured by the rewards offered by Governor Dalling, in a proclamation dated the 12th of December, 1789, and by a resolution which followed it of the house of assembly, two negroes, Quasher and Sam, both of Scot's Hall, Maroon town, with a party of their townsmen, went in search of him.

Quasher before he set out on the expedition, got

himself christened, and changed his name to James Reeder. The expedition commenced, and the whole party crept about the woods for three weeks, but in vain. Reeder and Sam, tired with this mode of warfare, resolved on proceeding in search of Jack's retreat, and taking him by storming it, or perishing in the attempt. They took with them a little boy of spirit, and who was a good shot, and then left the rest of the party. These three had not been long separated, before their cunning eyes discovered, by impressions among the weeds and bushes, that some person must have lately been that way. They softly followed these impressions, making not the least noise, and soon discovered a smoke.

They prepared for war, and came upon Jack before he perceived them. He was roasting plantains by a little fire on the ground, at the mouth of a cave. This was a scene in which it was not for ordinary actors to play. Jack's looks were fierce and terrific. He told them he would kill them. Reeder instead of shooting Jack, replied that his obi had no power to hurt him, for he was christened, and that his name was no longer Quasher. Jack knew Reeder, and as if paralysed, let his two guns remain on the ground, and took up only his cutlass. Jack and Reeder had a desperate engagement some years before in the woods, in which conflict Jack lost two fingers, which was the origin of his name; but Jack then beat Reeder, and almost killed him, with several others who assisted him.

Jack would easily have killed both Sam and Reeder, who were at first afraid of him, but he had prophesied that *white obi* would get the better of him; and from

experience he knew the charm would lose none of its strength in the hands of Reeder. Without further parley, Jack with the cutlass in his hand threw himself down a precipice at the back of the cave. Reeder's gun missed fire, but Sam shot him in the shoulder. Reeder, like an English bull-dog, never looked, but with his cutlass in his hand plunged down headlong after Jack. The descent was about thirty yards, and almost perpendicular. Both of them had preserved their cutlasses. Here was the stage on which two of the stoutest hearts began their bloody struggle. The little boy who was ordered to keep back out of harms way, now reached the top of the precipice, and during the fight shot Jack in the belly.

Sam was crafty, and coolly took a circuitous way to get to the field of action ; but when he arrived at the spot where it had commenced, Jack and Reeder had closed and tumbled together down another precipice on the side of the mountain, in which fall they both lost their weapons. Sam descended after them, but he also lost his cutlass among the trees and bushes. When he came up to them, he found that though without weapons, they were not idle. Luckily for Reeder, Jack's wounds were deep and desperate, and Sam came up just in time to save him, for Jack had caught him by the throat with a giant's grasp. Reeder was then with his right hand almost cut off, and Jack streaming with blood from his wounds ; both were covered with gore and gashes. In this state, Sam was umpire, and decided the fate of the battle. He knocked Jack down with a piece of a rock. The little boy soon came up, and with his cutlass they cut off Jack's head and three-fingered hand, which they

carried in triumph to Kingston, and received the promised reward.

FIGHTING ENTHUSIASM.

During one of the engagements in the late war in Spain, a private soldier, named William Bisket, had his thigh perforated by a musket ball. With his musket in his hand he quitted the field, the blood flowing from his wound as he passed to the rear. He had proceeded about two hundred yards, when turning round, he beheld his companions supporting the conflict with undiminished ardour. At the sight his bosom was fired anew ; he returned to the gory field, to assist his handful of friends against the numerous legions of their enemies. Being asked what motive induced him to rejoin his company ? he replied, " To have another shot at the rascals, sir, before I leave you." The gallant soldier fired once, and was in the act of presenting his piece a second time, when another ball penetrated his arm above the elbow, shattered the bone, and compelled the hero to retire from the field of honour, regretted by his admiring countrymen.

In another action in the Peninsula, a private in one of the English companies of the name of William Dougald, was hit on the thigh by three spent balls in the course of five minutes, and although all of them were severe in their kind, the poor fellow never quitted the field. A few days afterwards another engagement with the French seemed inevitable, and Dougald being so lame as to be scarcely able to walk, he was desired

to go to the rear. "No," said he, "I will rather die than leave my comrades." With the utmost pain and exertions he kept up with the company; he reached the enemy; fought bravely; and in fifteen minutes was stretched lifeless on the ground by the side of one of their riflemen.

RISING FROM THE RANKS.

A private soldier in the Imperialist army, during its campaigns under Prince Eugene, raised himself to rank in the service by his heroic exploits.

The first occasion on which he signalized himself was in the command of a party commissioned to seize a French bark with a large booty. He had accomplished his object, when hearing that a party of the enemy were out to cut off his retreat, he hid the booty, and then engaged the enemy, most of whom he made prisoners. Upon this he received a lieutenant's commission.

Soon afterwards he undertook to enter the enemy's camp, whence he brought off thirteen officers out of one tent, who were diverting themselves at hazard in the dead of the night. Being pursued by a party of dragoons, he was obliged to leave his prisoners behind him; but kept his booty. For this exploit, he was advanced to be a captain lieutenant.

In the year 1712, he entered the fort of St. Knoque disguised as a hair merchant, and discovering its weakness, he solicited and obtained the command of a detachment of one hundred and eighty men, with which he returned and took it, although garrisoned by four regiments, three French and one Swiss. No

sooner had he got possession, and received some provisions and a reinforcement of forty men, than he was attacked by a French force of a thousand men and several pieces of cannon, who summoned him to surrender. On his refusal, the French officer offered to bribe him with 10,000 rix dollars, a pension of 5000 florins a year, besides a regiment of dragoons, provided he would deliver up the fort; but De Rue's integrity was equal to his courage, and he nobly refused.

The states general were so much pleased with his conduct on this occasion, that they appointed him commander of the fort, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and a pension of 1200 florins a year.

SIR JOHN PURCELL.

In the year 1811, the house of Sir John Purcell, of Highfort in Ireland, was attacked by a desperate gang of robbers, who forced the windows of the parlour adjoining to the room in which he had just retired to rest. They appeared to him to be about fourteen in number. He immediately got out of bed, and his first determination being to make resistance, it was with no small mortification that he reflected upon the unarmed condition in which he was placed, being destitute of a single weapon of the ordinary sort. It happily occurred to him, that having supped in the bed-chamber on that night, a knife had been left behind by accident, and he instantly proceeded to grope in the dark for this weapon, which fortunately he found, before the door, leading from the parlour into the bed-chamber, had been broke open. While he stood

in calm but resolute expectation that the progress of the robbers would soon lead them to his bed-chamber, he heard the furniture which had been placed against a nailed-up door expeditiously displaced, and immediately afterwards the door was burst open. The moon shone with great brightness, and when this door was thrown open, the light streaming in through three large windows in the parlour, afforded Sir John a view that might have made an intrepid spirit not a little apprehensive. His bed-room was darkened to excess, in consequence of the shutters of the windows, as well as the curtains, being closed ; and thus, while he stood enveloped in darkness, he saw standing before him, by the brightness of the moon-light, a body of men, all armed, and of those who were in the van of the gang, he observed that a few were blackened. Armed only with this case-knife, and aided only by a dauntless heart, he took his station by the side of the door, and in a moment after, one of the villains entered from the parlour into the dark room. Instantly upon advancing, Sir John plunged the knife into the robber's body, who upon receiving this thrust, reeled back into the parlour, crying out blasphemously that he was killed ; shortly after another advanced, who was received in a similar manner, and who also staggered back into the parlour, crying out that he was wounded. A voice from the outside gave orders to fire into the dark room, upon which a man stepped forward with a short gun in his hand. As this fellow stood in the act to fire, Sir John had the amazing coolness to look at his intended murderer, and, without betraying any audible emotion whatever, that might point out the exact spot where he was standing, he calmly calculated

his own safety, from the shot which was preparing for him. He saw that the contents of the piece were likely to pass close to his breast, without menacing him with at least any serious wound : and in this state of firm and manly expectation he stood, without flinching, until the piece was fired, and its contents harmlessly lodged in the wall.

As soon as the robber fired, Sir John made a pass at him with his knife, and wounded him in the arm, which he repeated again in a moment, with similar effect ; and, as the others had done, the villain upon being wounded, retired, exclaiming that he was wounded. The robbers immediately rushed forward from the parlour into the dark room, and then it was that Sir John's mind recognised the deepest sense of danger, not to be oppressed by it, however, but to surmount it. He thought all chance of preserving his own life was over, and he resolved to sell that life still dearer to his intended murderers, than even what they had already paid for the attempt to deprive him of it. He did not lose a moment after the villains had entered the room, to act with the determination he had adopted ; he struck at the fourth fellow with his knife, and wounded him, and at the same instant he received a blow on the head, and found himself grappled with. He shortened his hold of the knife, and stabbed at the fellow with whom he found himself engaged. The floor being slippery, Sir John and his adversary both fell, and while they were on the ground, Sir John thinking that his thrusts with the knife, though made with all his force, did not seem to produce the decisive effect which they had in the beginning of the conflict, he examined the point of his weapon with his finger, and

found that the blade of it had been bent near the point. As he lay struggling on the ground, he endeavoured, but unsuccessfully, to straighten the curvature in the knife; but while one hand was employed in this attempt, he perceived that the grasp of his adversary was losing its constraint and pressure, and in a moment or two after he found himself wholly released from it; the limbs of the robber were in fact unnerved by death. Sir John found that this fellow had a sword in his hand, and this he immediately seized, and gave him several blows with it. At length the robbers finding so many of their party had been killed or wounded, employed themselves in removing the bodies, and Sir John took this opportunity of retiring into a place a little apart from the house, where he remained for a short time. They dragged their companions into the parlour, and having placed chairs with the backs upwards, by means of those they lifted the bodies out of the windows, and afterwards took them away. When the robbers retired, Sir John returned to the house, and called up a man servant from his bed, who during this long and bloody conflict had not appeared, and consequently received from his master warm and loud upbraidings for his cowardice. Sir John then placed his daughter-in-law and grand child, who were his only inmates, in places of safety, and took such precautions as circumstances pointed out till the daylight appeared. It appeared in evidence on the trial of one of the robbers, that they were nine in number, all of whom were armed, and that two of them were killed and three severely wounded in the conflict.

SIEGE OF ISMAILOW.

The city of Ismailow, situated on the Danube, was a town of great strength, and garrisoned with thirteen thousand men, the flower of the Turkish army, when Suwaroff determined to finish the military operations of the year 1790, by attacking this celebrated fortress.

Suwaroff had an army of thirty thousand regular troops, and a number of vessels that blockaded the town, on the side of the Danube. By means of these vessels the Turkish ships were destroyed; the batteries erected along the river were assaulted and carried, after a bloody dispute; and a lodgment made opposite to the lower parts of the town, which were of less difficult access than the others.

Encouraged by this success, the Russians prepared to give a general assault. To this intent they were divided into as many bodies as there appeared places practicable for an attack. In this manner they assailed the town with all the fury of men who knew this was their last effort, and that if they now miscarried, they must give up all further hope of succeeding. The Turks on the other hand animated by the successful resistance which they hitherto had made, received them with an intrepidity that had never been surpassed in the course of this destructive war. Eight times were the Russians repulsed from every quarter they had assailed, with a slaughter that seemed to have diminished their strength so considerably, as to put it out of their power to continue the attack. Two of their generals lay dead, and

five others were dangerously wounded and unable to act. In this extremity, General Suwaroff took the desperate resolution of conquering, or of not surviving his defeat. To supply the loss of the slain, the horsemen were ordered to dismount and join the infantry. Placing himself at their head, he advanced to the charge with a standard in his hand. The attack was now renewed with additional resolution; but still the Turks met them with unshaken firmness, and the carnage on both sides was truly terrible. The slaughter was the more inevitable, as an incessant and most tremendous fire proceeded from the batteries of the besiegers and of the besieged, who by the eagerness with which they fought, were equally exposed.

This dreadful assault lasted eight hours. It began at five in the morning, and it was one at noon when, by dint of perseverance and of numbers, the Russians made an effectual impression on the besieged, and began to force their way into the town. The Turks, though conquered, seemed determined, however, not to yield; they continued to fight with an obstinacy inspired by indignation and despair. The computation of those who perished by the swords of the Russians, amounted to about twenty-four thousand, including the Turkish inhabitants who fell in this destructive siege; and of the victors little less, it was believed, than half this number was killed.

COOLNESS.

At the battle of Minden, a corps of French grenadiers, commanded by M. de N. Perer, were exposed to a battery that carried off whole files at once. N. Perer wishing them not to fall back, rode slowly in front of the line with his snuff-box in his hand, and said, "Well, my boys, what's the matter? Eh, cannon? Well, it kills you, it kills you, that's all, my boys; march on, and never mind it."

In the attack on Martinico, in 1761, Admiral Rodney superintended the landing of the artillery; and sent on shore a large body of seamen, who carried the cannon upwards of three miles, through what might seem almost insurmountable difficulties, and drew the heaviest guns and mortars up the mountains, exposed to a heavy fire from the enemy. With such singular coolness and intrepidity was this duty performed, that on the first cannon which ascended the heights a sailor was seen sitting, singing the national air of "God save the King."

At the battle of Marengo, Lieutenant Conrad, of the 2nd regiment of horse artillery, had his leg carried off by a cannon ball. He consoled himself while lying on the ground, with observing the range of his battery. The soldiers wished to remove him, but he refused their assistance. "Keep to your guns," said he, "and take care to point lower."

TAKING OBSERVATIONS.

Frederick the Great being once posted in the New Marck, opposite to the immense Russian army, and only separated from it by the narrow bed of a river, went out to reconnoitre the enemy, accompanied by the adjutant, one of his pages, and a groom. Having laid his glass upon the shoulder of the page, he began to observe the Russians, who, as soon as they perceived him, kept up a smart fire upon the place where he stood. The balls struck into the ground on all sides of him, and covered his coat and his hat with the earth which they threw up. At last the adjutant thought it his duty to apprize the king of his danger, and pulling him gently by the coat, he begged his majesty would not remain in so dangerous a spot; at the same time pointing out to him the effects of the enemy's fire upon his clothes. The king did not answer him for some minutes; but he at last turned his head, and said with great composure, "If you are afraid, sir, you may go back;" and then continued his observations. After seeing every thing he wished, he said to the page, "Now I have done, you may pack up again." He then mounted his horse, rode gently towards the camp, and conversed with the adjutant upon different subjects.

During the bombardment of Cadiz by the French in the last war, a man was placed in the steeple of the church of San Francisco, to announce the danger as soon as he saw the smoke issuing from the Napoleon battery, where the mortars was placed; which

he was to do by tolling the bell. A shell, of whose approach he had one day given warning, struck the steeple, and took away part of the wall of the small belfry, where he was placed. Although the man knew that they never fired one mortar until they had prepared two, yet he was so little affected by the danger of his situation, or by the dreadful engine of destruction that had passed so near him, that on perceiving, in less than the space of half a minute after, the fellow shell fired off, he gave his accustomed warning with the greatest coolness, by again tolling the bell, which had escaped uninjured.

FAMILY SACRIFICE.

During the French revolution, a Madame Saint-maraule, with her daughter, and a youth, her son, not yet of age, were confined in prison and brought to trial. The mother and daughter behaved with resolution, and were sentenced to die; but of the youth no other notice was taken, except that he was remanded back to prison. "What!" exclaimed the boy, "am I then to be separated from my mother? It cannot be!" and immediately he cried out, "*Vive le Roi!*" In consequence of this he was instantly condemned to death, and with the mother and his sister, was led out to execution.

CHILD SAVED.

A small cluster of houses in the department of Mont Blanc, were on the night of the 27th and 28th of January, 1806, consumed by fire. Surprised in

their sleep, the people of the hamlet had scarcely time to escape from the flames ; and when collected together, it was discovered that a child of about seven years of age was missing. The roof which covered it was on the point of falling in ; its loss appeared inevitable ; terror and dismay was in every countenance. Moved by the cries of its parents, Antoine Rappaz, a peasant, who had lost his all, and had nothing left but the shirt which covered him, stepped forward, and, regardless of a peril which appalled every one else, dashed into the midst of the flames. He reached the bed where the child had been laid ; but it was gone ! He sought it every where, and at last discovered the poor innocent lying in a corner, half dead through terror and suffocation. He snatched it up, and placing it on his shoulders, leaped a height of fifteen feet, to escape from the flames. A moment later, and the heroic intrepidity of the generous Antoine would have been of no avail. He had scarce restored the child to the arms of its overjoyed parents, when the roof of the house fell in, with a crash which made the hearts of the beholders thrill at the idea of the destruction which had been so narrowly escaped.

The government could not allow so noble an action to pass unrewarded. A handsome gratuity was presented to Antoine by the Prefect of the Department ; to which the Minister of the Interior added a medal, on which this peasant's heroism may pass recorded to his posterity.

BATTLE OF LEPANTO.

After the reduction of Cyprus by the Turks, in the sixteenth century, they plundered the coasts of Dalmatia, Istria, and Italy, with impunity, until their fleet was met by the confederates in the gulph of Lepanto, near Corinth, and received a signal defeat. All the passions which can animate human nature were roused ; and all the instruments of war, of ancient and modern invention, were employed ; arrows, javelins, fire-balls, grappling irons, cannon, muskets, spears, and swords. The combatants fought hand to hand in most of the galleys grappled together, as on a field of battle. Hali, the Turkish admiral, surrounded by four hundred Janissaries ; and Don John of Austria, who commanded the Christian fleet, with an equal number of chosen men, maintained a most desperate struggle for three hours. At last Hali was slain, his galley taken, and his head fixed on the stern, in place of the Turkish standard, while the banner of the cross, displayed from the mainmast, announced his defeat. The Turks gave way in every place. They lost thirty thousand men in the conflict, ten thousand were made prisoners, and nearly the whole of their galleys, which amounted to two hundred and thirty, were either taken or destroyed.

THE MEN OF KENT.

In the celebrated battle of Hastings, fought between Harold, and William Duke of Normandy, for

no less a prize than that of England, the Kentish men formed a complete phalanx, and each attack that the Normans made on it was unsuccessful. The duke charged in person with his choicest troops, but could make no impression. The English never exhibited nobler proofs of courage, nor ever maintained a battle with greater obstinacy, nor perhaps ever were charges more vigorously made, or more bravely repulsed. For five hours was the fight maintained, without an inch of ground being gained by either party.

The duke finding he could not break the English phalanx, had recourse to stratagem. He ordered a retreat to be sounded, and began to march off the ground with all the appearance of confusion; when the English believing the enemy routed, followed them in real disorder. The duke finding his stratagem succeed, immediately rallied, and attacked the English with the utmost impetuosity.

Harold seeing the victory snatched out of his hands, and his army flying in disorder, assembled all the fugitives he could collect on an eminence near the field of battle. Here he resolved to make a stand, and exhorting his troops to behave like heroes, and remember the fate of the kingdom depended on the victory, waited the attack of the enemy, who were advancing; and gave them such a brave reception, that they were soon repulsed, with considerable loss. The Duke of Normandy particularly exposed himself in the hottest part of the action, and had two horses killed under him. Not dismayed, he made another vigorous effort, in which, at last, the English king was slain, and his army entirely defeated.

INTREPID BISHOP.

A house in the town of Auch had taken fire ; the whole staircase was in flames ; and in the highest story there was a feeble old woman, cut off apparently from every way of escape. The bishop of the place offered two thousand francs to any person who would rescue her from destruction. No one presented himself ; the flames made rapid progress ; the unfortunate victim of years and infirmity was on the point of perishing. The bishop did not stop any longer to deliberate ; he wrapped a wet cloth around him ; rushed into the midst of the raging element ; reached the woman ; and brought her down in safety.

SCHOOL-BOYS IN DANGER.

In August, 1800, six young boys had gone to bathe in the small river of Briausole, in Upper Vienne, and selected a place where the water appeared of a proper depth ; they were ignorant that close by it there was a deep abyss. One of them, about twelve years of age, was the first who was surprised by the danger, and disappeared from the sight of his companions. Poulon Leysenne, aged thirteen, forgetting all consideration for his own safety, in an affectionate anxiety for that of his companion, dived after him ; but he also appeared to have sunk to rise no more ! A third boy, of the age of twelve, nothing daunted by a circumstance so appalling, quickly followed Leysenne's example, but with no happier success ; all the three were now under water. It may seem

incredible that a fourth could be found of so stout a heart, as to repeat an experiment which had already snatched so many of his companions from his sight! Yet what will boyish enterprise and attachment not attempt? Antoine Leger, aged thirteen, unhesitatingly plunged in after his three companions; but, alas! only to share with them in their danger.

Four of the youthful party were now engulfed in the abyss; death had them struggling within its grasp. At this critical moment, a miller who lived hard by, attracted to the spot by the cries of the remaining boys, brought with him a long perch, with which he fortunately succeeded in drawing out alive three of the boys. Leysenne alone remained; he who had first devoted himself in the gallant attempt at rescue. The miller found it impossible to reach him with his perch. What was to be done? One of the two boys who had taken no active part in the preceding scene, a mere child of no more than ten years of age, plunged in to achieve what had baffled all the exertions of his elder playmates. He was at the bottom of the pool before his disappearance was remarked; and in an instant after re-appeared with the object of his solicitude, who, nearly exhausted, was not without difficulty restored to life!

GENERAL PAEZ.

The late General Paez, who commanded the Venezuelan cavalry, was the most enterprising of all the officers who have fought under the republican banners in South America. Paez was self-taught, and sprang up all of a sudden during the revolution, before which

he was hardly heard of. When it broke out, he was soon found at the head of a numerous body; his courage, intrepidity, and repeated successes, speedily gained him a reputation. The quickness of his movements, the rapidity with which he pursued the flying enemy, the personal conflicts in which he had been engaged, and the conquests he had made both collectively and individually, rendered him the admiration of his adherents, and the dread of his enemies, into whom his very name struck terror, as they advanced to the plains and savannas to encounter him. General Paez was uncommonly active; he would for amusement, as he did before some English officers, single out a wild bull from the herd of cattle, and ride him down, pass his lance through, and thus slay him; or gallop up to the animal's rear, and grasping the tail firmly in his hand, twist it so suddenly and strongly as to throw the beast on his side, when if some of his followers did not come up, he would by a cut of his sabre, hamstring and leave him.

Bolivar being in company with Paez on the banks of the Orinoco, on a reconnoitring excursion, and perceiving four of the enemy's gun boats about half a mile distant, expressed a wish that the Independents were in possession of them, to enable them to make an attack by water on the other side. Paez declared he would soon accomplish his wish; at which Bolivar laughed, and asked how he intended to come at them? The taunt piqued Paez, who immediately collected a party of his most tried adherents, and calling upon them to follow him, drew his sword, and placing it in his mouth, plunged into the stream. He succeeded in boarding and capturing the enemy's boats with very

little loss, and returned in triumph, to the no small astonishment of Bolivar and his troops.

FEMALE RESOLUTION.

The gazette of Augsburg, for January, 1820, gives a singular account of the heroism and presence of mind displayed by the daughter of a game-keeper, residing in a solitary house near Welheim. Her father and the rest of the family had gone to church, when there appeared at the door an old man apparently half dead with cold. Feeling for his situation, she let him in, and went into the kitchen to prepare him some soup. Through a window which communicated from the room she had left him in, with the kitchen, she perceived that he had dropped the beard he wore when he entered; that he now appeared a robust man; and that he was pacing the chamber with a poignard in his hand. Finding no mode of escape, she armed herself with a chopper in one hand and the boiling soup in the other, and entering the room where he was, first threw the soup in his face, and then struck him a blow with the hatchet on his neck, which brought him to the ground senseless. At this moment a fresh knock at the door occasioned her to look out of an upper window, when she saw a strange hunter who demanded admittance, and on her refusal threatened to break open the door; she immediately got her father's gun, and as he was proceeding to put his threat in execution, she shot him through the right shoulder, on which he made his way back to the forest. Half an hour after, a third person came, and asked after an old man who must have passed that way. She said she knew nothing of him; and

after useless menaces, if she did not open the door, he also proceeded to break it in, when she shot him dead on the spot. The excitements of her courage being now at an end, her spirits began to sink, and she fired shots and screamed from the windows, until some gens-d'armes were attracted to the house, but nothing would induce her to open the door until the return of her father from church.

UNEXPECTED REWARD.

M. Labat, a merchant of Bayonne, ill in health, had retired in the beginning of the winter, 1803, to a country house on the banks of the Adour. One morning, when promenading in his robe-de-chambre, on a terrace elevated a little above the river, he saw a traveller thrown by a furious horse, from the opposite bank, into the midst of the torrent. M. Labat was a good swimmer; he did not stop a moment to reflect on the danger of the attempt, but ill as he was, threw off his robe-de-chambre, leaped into the flood, and caught the drowning stranger at the moment when having lost all sensation, he must have otherwise inevitably perished. "Oh, God!" exclaimed M. Labat, clasping him in his arms, and recognizing with a transport of joy the individual he had saved; "sacred humanity! what do I not owe thee? I have saved my son!"

NEW COLOURS.

James II. when Duke of York, served some time under Marshal Turenne, and was present at the siege of Etampes, in 1652. In his memoirs he gives the

following account of a daring achievement of Turenne's own regiment, in regaining one of the outworks: "They went on," he says, "in the face of both armies, all of which were either spectators of that action, or engaged in it; and without any manner of diversion, or so much as one cannon shot to favour them, they came up to the attack. Notwithstanding the continual fire which was made at them, both from the work and the wall of the town, they marched on without firing one single shot; the captains themselves taking the colours in their hands, and marching with them at the head of their soldiers till they were advanced to the work, which was crowded with men as thick as they could stand by one another; and then at one instant poured in their shot and came up to push of pike with so much gallantry and resolution, that they beat out the enemy, and lodged themselves upon the work. All this they performed with the loss of only one captain of the regiment, and one or two more inferior officers, not many of the private soldiers falling. It was universally confessed by all who were then present, that they never saw so daring an action. Marshal Turenne himself, and the most experienced officers of the army, were all of opinion, that it had been impossible for them to have done so much, if their colours had not been always in their view. And this action was partly the occasion that the regiments afterwards made them new colours, for both the old regiments and others had taken an ill kind of pride in having their colours tattered out and worn so bare, that there was almost nothing to be seen but the ensign staff; the regiment of Turenne being the only one which had any visible colours, not excepting the French guards themselves."

LA ROCHEJACQUELEIN.

In the commencement of the Vendéen war, the royalists took Saumur. M. de la Rochejacquelein attacked the republican camp, and turned it; the ditch was crossed, a wall beyond it thrown down, and the post carried. M. de la Rochejacquelein throwing his hat into the entrenchment, called out, "Who will go and fetch it?" and darting forward the first himself, he was quickly followed by a great number of brave peasants.

This gallant youth, who commanded the Vendéen army, and was always at the post of honour and of danger, fell in the cause he had so ardently espoused, in the twenty-first year of his age.

D'ELBÉE.

When the Vendéen General, M. d'Elbée, was taken prisoner by the republicans, he was at death's door from his wounds. They entered his chamber, saying, "So this is d'Elbée!" "Yes," replied he, "you see your greatest enemy, and had I strength to fight, you should not have taken Noirmoutier; or at least you should have purchased it dearly." They kept him five days, and loaded him with insults; but he submitted to their examinations with great moderation, until at length exhausted by suffering, he said, "Gentlemen, it is time to conclude; let me die." As he was unable to stand, they placed this brave and virtuous general in an arm chair, where he was shot.

FEMALE VOLUNTEERS.

A Vendéen heroine of the name of Jeanne Robin, could not be dissuaded from taking up arms in the cause of royalty. She obtained one of the coarse cottons which were given to the poorest of the soldiers, took the sacrament, and then hastened to the camp. The evening before the battle of Thouars, she sought for M. de Lescure, and addressing him, said, "General, I am a woman! Madame de Lescure knows it, and also that my character is good. Tomorrow there is to be a battle; let me but have a pair of shoes, and I am sure I shall fight, so that you will not send me away." She indeed fought under the eye of M. de Lescure, and called to him, "General, you must not pass me, I shall always be nearer the blues (the republicans) than you." She was wounded in the hand, but this only animated her the more, and showing it to him, she said, "This is nothing." Then rushing furiously into the thickest part of the engagement, she perished.

After a great assault at Ostend, among the heaps of slain was found the body of a young Spanish woman, who it was conjectured by her wounds had been slain in the assault. She had under her apparel a chain of gold set with precious stones, besides other jewels. It never could be ascertained who she was, or what had induced her to brave the hazards of war, although every enquiry was made on the subject.

MAHOMETAN CONQUEROR.

The first chief who exalted the banners of Mahomet in the fertile fields of Bengal, was Bukhtyar Khulijy. Nature had not been favourable to Bukhtyar in his formation ; he was ill-favoured and of a mean appearance ; and amongst other deformities of his person, it is stated, that when he stood upright, the ends of his fingers extended considerably below his knees. When arrived at the age of manhood, he twice offered himself as a volunteer to the officers of Mahommed Ghory, sovereign of Lahore ; but they, disgusted with his appearance, refused to enrol him among their levies. Finding it impossible to obtain employment in the Imperial service, he enlisted as a cavalier with Oughul Beg, one of the provincial governors. In this situation, his activity, courage, and abilities, soon recommended him to the notice of his superiors, and he quickly obtained promotion.

When Bukhtyar had acquired some celebrity in his new situation, he prevailed on several parties of his own tribe who were in want of employment, to accept him as their commander ; and having afterwards signalized himself on many important occasions, he was at length (about the year 696) appointed by Cuttub Addeen, the Viceroy of Delhi, to the command of an army destined to the conquest of Behar.

In this undertaking he was eminently successful, and returned at the end of two years loaded with plunder, the whole of which he laid at the feet of the Viceroy, who was so much pleased with his conduct, that he conferred on him such honours as excited the envy of all his competitors.

The mode which the courtiers of Delhi devised to get rid of the envied Bukhtyar, was one not uncommon in the History of the East. (See *Shere Afghun---Anecdotes of Enterprise*, p. 7.) On a public occasion, when the whole court of the Viceroy were assembled, some of the nobles took an opportunity of introducing the subject of the late conquest of Behar, and of extolling the feats of bravery performed by the general; they added, that such was their high opinion of his courage, they were sure he would, single-handed, contend with and overcome a fierce elephant; this being contradicted by some other person in the secret, the question was at length submitted to the Viceroy, and by him proposed to Bukhtyar, who dreading the imputation of cowardice more than death, boldly agreed to try the contest.

One of those elephants which are kept for fighting by the Princes of the East, was introduced into the area in front of the palace; and Bukhtyar, without making any other preparation than merely throwing off his coat and girding up his loins, advanced with a battle axe in his hand.

The elephant, urged on by its driver, made a charge at Bukhtyar, who dexterously avoided it, and at the same moment struck the elephant with his battle axe with such force on the trunk, that the animal screamed out and ran off. Shouts of wonder and acclamation resounded through the palace, and the Viceroy not only presented the general with a large sum of money himself, but ordered all the nobles to present him with an offering of congratulation. The sum collected on this occasion was of considerable value; but Bukhtyar scorning to be thus enriched, added a sum of his own,

and made a donation of the whole to the inferior servants of the court.

Shortly after this transaction, Bukhtyar was in the year of the Hejira, 699, appointed governor of Behar, with orders to extend his conquests over all the neighbouring territories.

PARISIAN YOUTH.

When the allied armies were approaching Paris, in the year 1814, a column of five thousand men were detached from the capital to escort an immense convoy of ammunition, and a hundred thousand rations of bread, for Bonaparte's army. It was intercepted by the allied forces with great superiority of numbers. Pressed and charged on all sides, the French column formed itself into several squares, and opposed the most courageous resistance. It consisted merely of young soldiers and national guards, but nothing could intimidate them. The squares continued to fire as they marched; braving the charges of the cavalry, rejecting every summons on the part of the Russian officers, and refusing to lay down their arms, in spite of the most vigorous attacks. It was in vain that Colonel Rapatel, a French officer in the Russian service, advanced alone to end this useless struggle. The French troop, though surrounded and despairing of escape, wished at least to die with glory. "Friends and fellow countrymen," exclaimed Rapatel, "cease your resistance. You have conducted yourselves with honour, and Alexander will give you liberty on the spot." Scarcely had he spoken, when he was struck by two musket balls, and fell dead on the spot.

The artillery alone could subdue this handful of brave men, who maintained the contest against the whole allied army. The batteries opened their fires, and broke the squares ; while cavalry rushed among them, scattering death and disorder around. There was no alternative but to yield ; and as they defiled before the Emperor Alexander, he complimented them on their heroic conduct.

VICTIM OF GENEROUS DARING.

A husbandman of the name of Altemade, a native of Holland, who had lived from his early youth a rural life, in the Dutch Colony at the Cape of Good Hope, happened to be on horseback on the coast, at the very point of time that a vessel was shipwrecked by a dreadful tempest. The greatest part of the crew perished in the waves ; the remainder were struggling with death on the shattered planks, that still floated on the surface of the water. No boat could be sent out in such a dreadful storm for the deliverance of these poor people ; the humane and intrepid Hollander undertakes to save them ; he blows brandy into the nostrils of his horse ; and fixing himself firmly in his stirrups, he plunges into the sea, and gaining the wreck, brings back to the shore two men of the crew, each of whom held by one of his boots. In this manner he went and returned seven times, and thus saved fourteen of the passengers. But the eighth time, on his return, a rapid and immense surge threw down his horse, the heroic rider lost his seat, and was swallowed up with the two unfortunate men he was endeavouring to save. What death could be more glorious than in such a cause. !

MULEY MOLOCK.

The Africans record wonders of the life and death of their king, Muley Molock, who was invaded by Don Sebastian, King of Portugal. The royal Moor was wasted away by sickness; and on the day when the two armies met in battle he was almost ready to expire. He was conveyed to his camp in a litter, where he gave particular directions to his officers to be very careful to conceal his death if he should expire during the action. He was conveyed from rank to rank, where by signs, by his presence, and his words, he exhorted the Moors to fight gallantly in the defence of their religion and their country. The battle commenced, and the African king's right wing was pushed by the Portugeze to their centre. When the sick prince beheld his soldiers in disorder, and flying shamefully before a victorious enemy, he threw himself from his litter; his whole soul was fired; he resolved, though dying, to endeavour to animate them to the recovery of their ground: his officers in vain opposed him; he made his way sword in hand. The Moors thus encouraged by the example of their prince, returned to the charge, repulsed the enemy, and regained their honour. The king had no sooner performed this heroic act, than fainting in the arms of his officers, he was conveyed to his litter; and the moment after, just as he expired, he put his finger to his lips, to remind them to conceal his death, as he had requested.

MARSHAL NEY.

On the memorable retreat from Portugal, Marshal Ney commanded the rear guard, and had to maintain several conflicts with the English troops. On retreating through Pombal, the moment the English entered the town, the bells were ordered to be rung, and every kind of rejoicing to be made, even, it is said, to the burning of Ney and Massena in effigy. Ney, being made acquainted with the fact, instantly turned round, and drove the British out at the point of the bayonet, and set fire to the town. He then wrote a letter to Lord Wellington, stating that he was sorry to have been compelled to such a measure, but he felt it necessary to 'prove to his lordship, that it was hunger, and that only, that obliged the French to retreat out of Portugal.

THE GRAND DUKE CONSTANTINE.

This prince, the brother of the Emperor of Russia, is a man of rather unpolished manners and of Herculean strength. His personal courage is notorious; in all the engagements during the late war, he headed the charges of his guards like a common grenadier, baring his arm to his shoulder, and raising his sabre, exclaiming, "Now, my lads, let us at them!"

SIEGE OF BERGEN-OP-ZOOM.

In the assault on Bergen-op-Zoom by Lord Lyndoch, which was so boldly undertaken, and so strangely dis-

appointed when success seemed almost certain, a Dutch officer in the English service led the attack on one of the bastions. He was a native of the town, and it was supposed had been useful in furnishing hints for the attack. He led on his party with the utmost gallantry, and although the greater number of them fled, or fell under a heavy fire, he descended into the main ditch, crossed it upon the ice, and forced his way, followed by a handful of men, as far as the internal defences of the place. He had already mounted the inner glacis, when he was wounded in many places, and precipitated into the ditch; and as his followers were unable to bring him off, he remained on the ice until next morning, when being alive, he became a prisoner to the French, and died of his wounds a few days afterwards.

SIR PETER PARKER.

“There is a tear for all that die,
A mourner o’er the humblest grave;
But nations swell the funeral cry,
And triumph sweeps above the brave.

For them is sorrow’s purest sigh
O’er ocean’s heaving bosom sent;
In vain their bones unburied lie,
All earth becomes their monument.

A tomb is theirs on every page,
An epitaph on every tongue;
The present hours, the future age,
For them bewail, to them belong.

* * * *

And, gallant PARKER, thus enshrined,
Thy life, thy fall, thy fame shall be ;
And early valour, glowing find,
A model in thy memory."

LORD BYRON.

Although the gallant Sir Peter Parker fell in the bloom of youth, yet he had already reaped a rich harvest of glory. Brought up under the immediate eye of the immortal Nelson, he partook largely of his daring spirit.

When cruising off the coast of Italy, in the *Menelaus*, in the year 1812, he saw a large brig and several small vessels in the bay of Orbitello. He reconnoitred the fort of St. Stephano; and although its strength was great, consisting of a battery of two guns, one of four guns, and a citadel of fourteen guns, yet Sir Peter determined to cut them out, although they were anchored within musket shot of the shore, and of the batteries. Actuated with that ardent zeal which knew no difficulty, and that dauntless spirit which feared no danger, he left the ship with two gigs, two cutters, a launch with an eighteen pounder cannonade, carrying one hundred and thirty seamen and forty marines, leaving the first lieutenant in charge of the ship. This gallant little band had to face the fire of the citadel and batteries, a regular force of four hundred troops, and the inhabitants of the town, who were under arms to receive them. Sir Peter was to carry, if possible, the vessels in the harbour; Lieutenants Beynon and Wilcock with the marines, were to storm the batteries commanding it. They now pushed rapidly under a volley of fire for the shore; which they had no sooner reached, than the officers leaped out of the boat with the marines, and led them

immediately to the charge up the hill, driving three times their number of the enemy into a four-gun battery, which they instantly stormed, putting all to the sword, and spiking the guns. The vessels were boarded and carried by Sir Peter Parker in the most dashing and brilliant style, though moored within half pistol shot of the batteries. Cries of "Wellington" and "Nelson," (the sign and countersign of the night) resounded through the harbour, and on the hill proclaimed possession of the battery and the vessels.

The bright career of this brave officer terminated in the war against the United States. He still commanded the *Menelaus* frigate of thirty-eight guns. Determined to make a diversion in favour of the British army on the side of Baltimore, he sailed up the Chesapeake, and resolved by a night attack to surprise the enemy's forces, and destroy their camp. Accordingly on the night of the 30th of August, 1814, at eleven o'clock, he landed a body of seamen, and a party of marines, not exceeding altogether one hundred and forty men, and after a march of four miles reached the enemy. He found him drawn up in a plain, surrounded by woods, with their camp in the rear, and their strength consisting of five hundred militia, a troop of horse and five pieces of artillery. He attacked them immediately, and compelled them to a rapid retreat behind their cannon. While animating his men to pursue their success, Sir Peter was mortally wounded by a musket shot. On receiving his wound he smiled, and said to one of his lieutenants, "They have hit me, Pearce, at last, but it is nothing; push on, my brave fellows, and follow me!" cheering his men with such undaunted heroism, that even his dying accents may be said to

have been strains of triumph. The men as enthusiastically returned his cheer. He advanced at their head a few paces farther, when staggering under the rapid flow of blood from the wound, he fell into the arms of his second lieutenant, Mr. Pearce, and faintly desiring him to sound the bugle, to collect the men and leave him on the field, he finally surrendered without a sigh his brave spirit to the mercy of heaven.

His men collected around his body, and swore never to deliver it up to the enemy but with their lives. A handful of gallant fellows bore him from the field, before a force four times superior. The men who carried him were occasionally changed, but a sailor of the name of William Porrel, refused to quit the body a moment, and unrelieved sustained his portion of the weight to the shore. When it was suggested by some present, that the enemy might rally and cut off their retreat, he exclaimed, "No! never shall a Yankee lay a hand on the body of my captain, while I have life or strength to defend it." Sir Peter Parker was only twenty-eight years of age when he died.

SERGEANT MILLIGAN.

In an attack made on a French *Settée*, armed with four six pounders, twelve mounted musketoons and small arms, by the boats of the *Melpomene* frigate, Captain Parker, off the coast of Leghorn, in the year 1806, Lieutenant Thompson in the barge and five seamen were killed, six desperately wounded, and several others disabled. The ship and other boats were at a considerable distance; but the survivors persevered and hooked on. Mr. Butler, Lieutenant Gascoigne, and

Sergeant Thomas Milligan, were the only persons enabled to board, at which time the enemy's crew consisted of eighteen men, three of whom were killed and fifteen made prisoners. The conduct of Milligan peculiarly excited the admiration of his brave comrades and captain. Being in the bow of the barge, he was the first man that boarded the settee; and on his leaping on the deck, six muskets were presented in his face, the fatal effects of which he rapidly avoided, by throwing himself instantly into the midst of the enemy's crew. Owing to the number of killed and wounded in the barge, and the settee continuing under sail, only five men were able to follow the sergeant; and after some resistance the enemy were forced to retreat and disperse, and six of them leaped into their own boat, carrying their arms and ammunition with them. Sergeant Milligan fearing that they might do considerable mischief with their muskets, and knowing that the barge could not follow, he jumped down into the middle of them. He was instantly seized and thrown overboard; but in the struggle, he grappled and carried one of the enemy with him, whom he killed in the water with his cutlass. The other boats of the *Melpomene* now coming up, every exertion was made to save the sergeant, who was seen swimming a-stern of the settee, apparently very faint, having received several wounds during the action. One of the lieutenants of the ship seeing an oar close behind him, called to Milligan to get hold of it, in order to receive some assistance, till the boat could get up to him, which afterwards picked him up. On his being asked when safe on board, if he had gained the assistance of the oar floating by him, he replied, "No, sir, I did not know the enemy had all surrendered: and

I could not bear the idea of turning my back on the enemy's vessel." The patriotic fund presented this brave fellow with forty pounds.

BOMBARDMENT OF ALGIERS.

The attack on Algiers, whether considered as to its object, or the success with which that object was accomplished, must be regarded as one of the most glorious achievements of the British arms. Resolved to punish the wanton outrages committed by that piratical state on the laws of nations and the rights of humanity, Lord Exmouth first sent a message to the Dey, with the terms which he demanded ; these not being acceded to, his lordship still waited for them to fire first. When, much to the gratification of the British, who were impatient for the attack, he saw the flash of one of their guns, before he heard the sound, he exclaimed with great alacrity, " That will do ; fire, my fine fellows." A tremendous broadside was immediately given with great cheering, which made havoc among the people on shore.

In this engagement the most determined bravery was displayed. Some of the sailors wanting wadding, impatiently tore their jackets in pieces, and crammed buttons and all into the guns ; while the soldiers' wives on board some of the ships supplied their husbands with powder and shot during the engagement.

During the action, the *Leander* lay for a considerable time exposed to a most destructive fire of shot and shells. Every one was at his post ; and among others, Mr. Colthorpe, master's mate, was ordered into

the fore-top, where he remained unhurt during the hottest of the conflict. When the batteries were found to slacken their fire, he was called on to perform some duty on deck. He came down smiling, and taking the lieutenant by the hand, pointed to the mole where the Algerine fleet lay on fire, and in a most impressive manner, with his eyes flashing fire, and his whole countenance full of animation, exclaimed in the language of Lord Byron, in his poem of the Corsair,

“ Much has been done, but more remains to do---
Their gallies burn! why not their city too?”

Scarcely had the words died on his lips, when a round shot struck him on the head, and blew it to atoms.

Lord Exmouth escaped unhurt most miraculously, for his coat was cut to pieces by musket balls and by grape shot.

DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

During the scene of tumult and carnage which the battle of Waterloo presented, at every moment and in every place, the Duke of Wellington exposed his person with a freedom which made all around him tremble for that life on which it was obvious that the fate of the battle depended. There was scarcely a square but he visited in person, encouraging the men by his presence, and the officers by his directions. While he stood on the centre of the high road in front of Mount St. Jean, several guns were levelled against him, distinguished as he was by his

suite, and the movements of the officers, who were passing to and fro with orders. The balls repeatedly grazed a tree near him, when he observed to one of his suite, "That's good practice ; I think they fire better than in Spain." Riding up to the 95th, when in front of the line, and even then expecting a formidable charge of cavalry, he said, "Stand fast, 95th, we must not be beat ; what will they say in England?" On another occasion, when many of the best and bravest men had fallen, and the event of the action seemed doubtful even to those who remained, he said, with the coolness of a spectator, "Never mind, we'll win this battle yet." To another regiment then closely engaged, he used a common sporting expression, "Hard pounding this, gentlemen ; let's see who will pound longest."

One general officer found himself under the necessity of stating to the duke, that his brigade was reduced to one third of its numbers ; and that those who remained were so exhausted with fatigue, that a temporary relief, of however short duration, seemed a measure of necessity. "Tell him," said the duke, "what he proposes is impossible. He, I, and every Englishman in the field, must die on the spot we now occupy." "It is enough," returned the general ; "I, and every man under my command, are determined to share his fate."

THE MARQUESS OF ANGLESEA.

Next to the Duke of Wellington, the success of the battle of Waterloo was, perhaps, more indebted to the first "cavalry officer in the world," as the gallant

marquess is called, than to any other of the numerous warriors who so gloriously distinguished themselves on that eventful day. "He displayed," says an eye witness of his lordship's conduct on the field, on this occasion, "consummate valour in the sight of his admiring men. As it was the greatest object at the moment to kindle the spirit of our troops; what could more effectually do this than the display, gallantry, and dash of their superior? This was the more important, as it is also a certain fact, that not having as yet made an essay on the cuirassiers, they entertained the idea that all attack upon them was ineffectual."

Twice had the marquess, then Earl of Uxbridge, led the guards to the charge, cheering them with the rallying cry of "Now for the honour of the household troops," when three heavy masses of the enemy's infantry advanced, supported by artillery, and a numerous body of cuirassiers. This formidable body drove in the Belgians, leaving the Highland brigade to receive the shock, and which gave them a formidable check. At this critical moment, the Earl of Uxbridge galloped up to the second heavy brigade, (Ponsonby's) when the three regiments were wheeled up in the most masterly style, presenting a beautiful front of about thirteen hundred men. As his lordship rode down the line, he was received by a general shout and cheer from the brigade. Then placing himself at their head, he made the most rapid and destructive charge ever witnessed. The division they attacked consisted of upwards of nine thousand men, under Count D'Erlon. Of these three thousand ere made prisoners, and the rest killed, with the ex-

ception of about a thousand men, who formed themselves under cover of the cuirassiers.

His lordship afterwards led the "household troops" in several brilliant attacks, cutting in pieces whole battalions of the old guard, into whose masses they penetrated; when after having successfully got through this arduous day, he received a wound in the knee, by almost the last shot that was fired. The wound was such, that it was found necessary to amputate the leg.

AFFAIR OF LIGNY.

At the battle of Ligny, two days previous to that of Waterloo, a major of the 42nd Highlanders preferring to fight on foot in front of his men, gave his horse to the care of a drummer boy in the regiment. After some severe fighting with the French cuirassiers and lancers, and after receiving several severe wounds, he fell from loss of blood, near a brave private of his corps, Donald Mackintosh, who was mortally wounded at the same instant. The little drummer lad had left the horse to assist poor Donald; which a lancer seeing, thought the horse a fair prize, and made a dash at it. This did not escape the watchful and keen eye of the dying Highlander, who, with all the provident spirit of his country, "ruling strong in death," groaned out, "Hoot man, ye manna tak that beast, it belongs to our captain here." The lancer neither understanding him, nor respecting his writhing gestures, seized on the horse. Donald loaded his musket once more, shot the lancer dead, and the next moment fell back and expired. The major was

conveyed to the rear, and recovered, although he had received *sixteen* severe wounds in this unequal and arduous conflict.

TRAITS OF WATERLOO.

Amid the confusion presented by the fiercest and closest cavalry fight which had ever been seen, many individuals distinguished themselves by feats of personal strength and valour. Even officers of rank and distinction, whom the usual habits of modern war render rather the directors than the actual agents of slaughter, were in this desperate action seen fighting hand to hand, like common soldiers. "You are uncommonly savage to day," said an officer to his friend, a young man of rank, who was arming himself with a third sabre, after two had been broken in his grasp. "What would you have me do?" answered the other, by nature one of the most gentle and humane of men, "we are here to kill the French, and he is the best man to day, who can kill most of them," and he again threw himself into the midst of the combat.

Sir John Elley requested permission to lead the charge of the heavy brigade, consisting of the Life Guards, the Oxford Blues, and the Scotch Greys. The effect was tremendous. Sir John was at one time surrounded by several of the cuirassiers; but being a tall, and uncommonly powerful man, completely master of his horse and sword, he cut his way out, leaving several of his assailants on the ground, marked with wounds, which indicated the strength of the arm which inflicted them.

A corporal in the horse guards, of the name of Shaw, who had distinguished himself as a pugilist, was fighting seven or eight hours, dealing destruction on all around him; at one time he was attacked by six of the French Imperial guard, four of whom he killed, but was at last slain himself by the remaining two.

In the afternoon of this dreadful day, the 92nd regiment, which was reduced to about two hundred men, charged a column of the enemy, which came down on them, of from two to three thousand men; they penetrated into the centre of the column with the bayonet; and the instant they pierced it, the Scots Greys dashed forward to their support; when they cheered each other, and cried out, "Scotland for ever!" Every man of the enemy was either killed or taken prisoners; after which the Scots Greys charged through the enemy's second line, and took the eagles.

A division of the enemy having been repulsed, with the loss of their eagles, Lieutenant Deares of the 28th, hurried away by his enthusiasm, accompanied the cavalry in the pursuit on foot, attacking, sword in hand, every Frenchman that came in his way. He had already cut down two, and wounded three others, when being overpowered by a body of infantry, and taken prisoner, he was stripped of all his clothes, except his shirt and trowsers, in which state he joined his regiment during the night.

The bridge at Wavre was repeatedly lost and gained before the French were able to make their

footing good beyond it. At length a French colonel snatched the eagle of his regiment, and rushing forward, crossed the bridge, and struck it into the ground on the other side. His corps followed, with an unanimous shout of *Vive l'Empereur!* and although the gallant officer who thus led them on was slain on the spot, his followers succeeded in carrying the village.

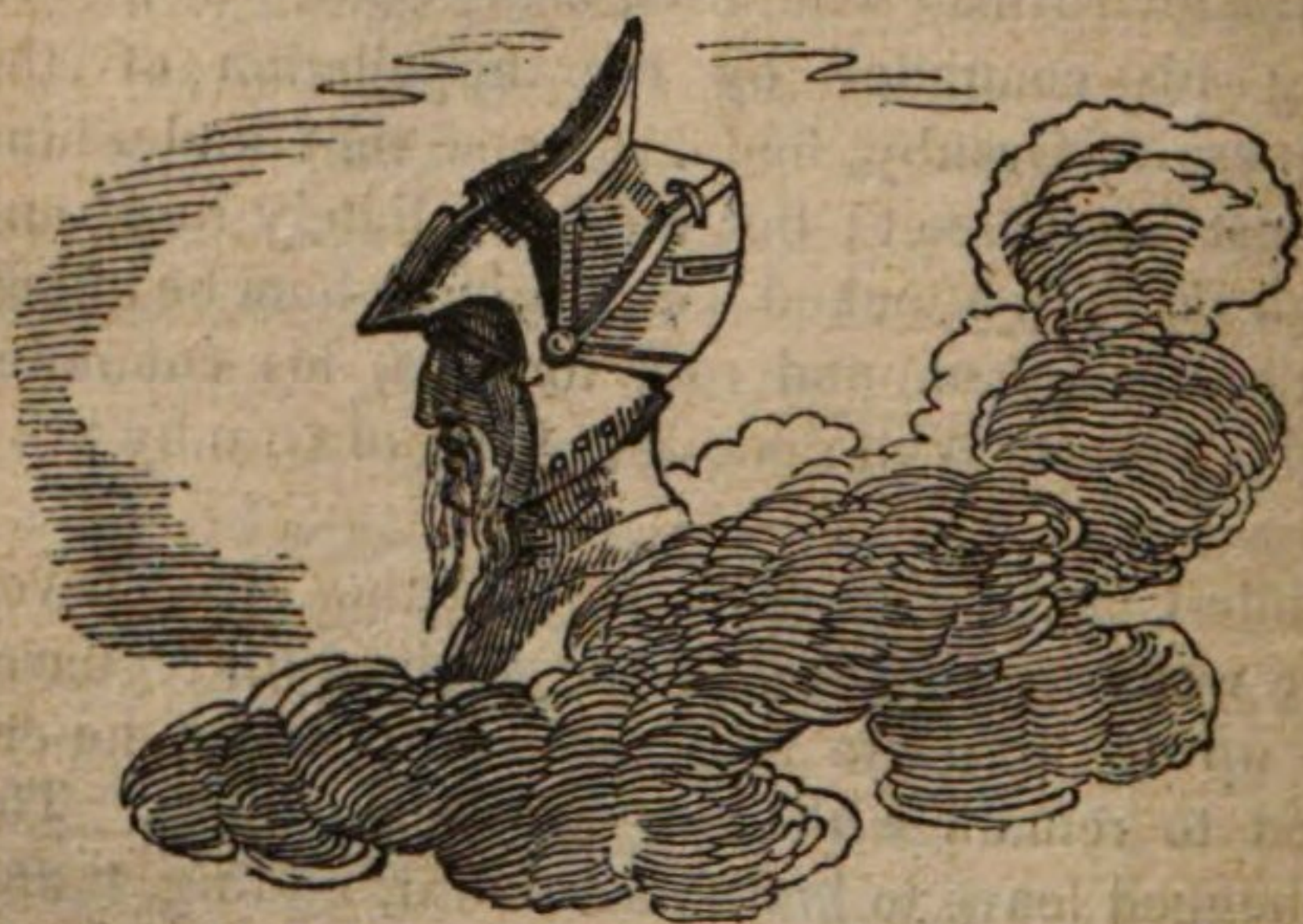
Amidst the fury of the conflict, some traces occurred of military indifference, which deserve to be recorded. The life guards coming up in the rear of the 95th, which distinguished regiment acted as sharp shooters in front of the line, sustaining and repelling a most formidable onset of the French, called out to them, as if it had been on the parade in the Park, "Bravo, 95th! do you *lather* them, and we'll *shave* them."

A life guardsman who, from being bald, was known among his comrades by the appellation of the Marquess of Granby, had his horse shot under him, and lost his helmet; but he immediately rose, and though on foot, attacked a cuirassier, whom he killed, mounted his horse, and rode forward, his comrades cheering him, "Well done Marquess of Granby!"

While Colonel Ponsonby lay bleeding, from seven severe wounds, a private soldier of the 40th regiment came up to him late in the evening, whom he entreated to remain with him till the morning. The man begged leave to look for a sword, adding, "and then, your honour, I'll engage the devil himself won't

come near you." He soon picked up a French sabre, and then sat quietly down by the colonel until day light, when he had him conveyed to a place of comfort and security.

Among the officers immediately attendant on the Duke of Wellington, was the late Lieut. Colonel Erskine, youngest son of Lord Erskine. He had his left arm carried off by a cannon ball, which passing along the other, laid bare the whole of it, by which he lost the use of two of his fingers, but that arm was saved. When the cannon shot had thrown him from his horse, and as he lay bleeding upon the ground in this mangled condition, the Prussian musketry and trumpets being heard at a distance, he seized his hat with his remaining shattered arm, and waving it found him, cheered his companions in the midst of the dying and the dead.



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